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The Prospects of Reunion.

BEFORE being able to form even a probable conjecture as to the prospects of a reunion of the Anglican Church with Catholic Christendom, it will be necessary to come to a clear understanding of the Catholic movement within the Establishment, so that knowing what it is, and whence it comes, we may more hopefully prognosticate its future developments. We speak of it advisedly as the "Catholic" movement, since it is in many ways an undoing of the work of the sixteenth century, and a departure from the Protestantism of those who inherit and faithfully follow the principles of the first Reformers. It is, moreover, avowedly a return to the Christianity of the period prior to the schism between East and West, which was certainly Catholic Christianity, however its Catholicity may be misinterpreted.

There are probably as many different versions and analyses of this movement as there are of the French Revolution or of the Renaissance; each presenting some single phase as if it were a complete all-round view, to the neglect of other aspects equally important, each coloured to a great extent according to the subjective peculiarities of the beholder's vision. All such movements are far too complex for any single mind to take in and master, however keen-sighted and well-informed; and it is only after they have ceased to be of any present practical interest, that the historian can draw his somewhat uncertain verdict from a laborious examination and comparison of the babel of conflicting opinions. From this it by no means follows that contemporary criticisms are worthless, provided due allowance be made for inevitable bias and limitation of view. The whole truth about a man is neither what he thinks about himself nor what his neighbour thinks about him, yet both are worth hearing on the subject; and so we may listen with profit to what Anglicans say about themselves, and also to what their

assailants, Protestant and Catholic, say about them, and from all gather materials for a more adequate view.

It is not too much to say, that a movement, like many a man, often fails to understand itself—what it means, and what it would be at—until the idea from which it springs works itself clear. Still less do the individuals who take part in the movement, and who are under the subtle influence of its leading idea, always grasp its meaning or agree in their explanation of it. Infected with the same epidemic, they diagnose their symptoms with all the inaccuracy and vagueness of amateurs; and no two perhaps being in the same stage of the disease, their accounts of it present little or no agreement. Yet in truth there is a real unity of thought among them, which is felt rather than expressed; and which perhaps is endangered by the effort to give it premature accuracy of expression.

Looking at the Anglican movement from a purely Roman Catholic stand-point, and in the light of present evidence, one very definite question offers itself for our consideration which ought to be met with a no less definite answer, namely: Is this movement the work of God; and if so, is it from God positively or only permissively? A Catholic will naturally regard it as the work of God, if in one way or another it eventually results in the spread and exaltation of the Roman Catholic religion in this country. That it has so far been fruitful in numerous conversions, that it has in many ways strengthened the position and influence of Catholicism in England is too evident to need demonstration. As to its eventual results in this respect, we are left to conjectures more or less probable; but it is certainly the feeling of most Catholics that, were the Anglican movement now to receive some sudden and absolute check, the prospects of the Catholic Church in England would be very much darker than they are at present. For the great majority of educated persons received every year into the Church have been, so to say, nursed in Anglicanism. There it is that they have received the truth piecemeal, in a way in which we could not in conscience deal it out to them, however expedient it might seem to do so; they have been brought step by step back to that first principle of authority with which the Roman Catholic instructor is almost constrained to begin; from a gradual conviction of the truth of the Church's teaching in detail, they have been disposed to admit her claims as an infallible teacher; they have been habituated insensibly to Catholic practices and

devotions ; their eyes have grown accustomed to ceremonial, ranging from the simplest variation on the Evangelical type up to a ritual often more elaborate than our own. Altogether, Anglicanism furnishes a convenient gangway along which it is possible to slide up from Evangelical Protestantism into the Church of Rome, thus avoiding the necessity of a violent and almost impossible leap which few would ever venture to contemplate.

The gulf fixed between Catholicism and the purely Protestant denominations, with which Evangelical Churchmen of the old type may be numbered, is almost too wide even for hostility ; and the social and educational isolation in which Catholics have been forced to live, owing to long-continued persecution, has made it very hard for them to understand Protestantism or to speak to it in its own language—which is, after all, the first requisite for persuasion.

Had there been no Tractarian movement, and were there now no "Anglo-Catholic" movement, to bridge over the gulf, it is very difficult to imagine that the Church would ever have made as much headway in this country as she has done. We do not as a rule care to consider a position which is immeasurably different from our own. Few Christians feel drawn to sit down to a candid consideration of the claims of Islam. But a Low Church Protestant will not look on the position of a moderate High Churchman as impossible or not worth considering, though he would not waste a thought on Romanism ; and similarly the moderate High Churchman will be ready to look a little higher, though he protests against the "Romanizing" extreme. It is perhaps only this same extreme that comes very directly under the influence of the Catholic Church, for which it has been gradually prepared by other agencies ; and it is only through the mediation and instrumentality of the whole movement that we indirectly come in contact with Protestantism pure and simple. Thus both the Anglican and the Catholic see God's finger in the same movement ; but the one regards it as a *via media*, and the other as a bridge, with respect to Rome.

We are not, of course, speaking merely of the Tractarian movement, but also, and perhaps more particularly, of "Anglo-Catholicism," which, although in some sense its offspring, involves other principles which give it a distinct character and spirit. It is not a more unexpected outgrowth from Tractarianism than Tractarianism was from Protestantism. Newman was

as bewildered by its lawlessness as a hen when the ducklings she has hatched take to the water.

But here, too, it is hardly possible for the Catholic not to see the working of Providence. Tractarianism was altogether academic, an affair of the Universities. It might bring over a scholar here and there; but it could never really touch the masses nor even the otherwise educated laity, who were incapable of entering into a system of Patristic interpretation, and of arriving at the Church by so circuitous a route. But this more recent development is essentially popular, and, abandoning the narrower criterion of primitive Christianity, embraces frankly everything that can be called Catholic, without caring to define very exactly what it means by Catholicism. So far as it attempts any intelligible account of itself, it is rather concerned with insisting on the supposed non-Catholicity of a few points which, if allowed, would mean submission to the Church of Rome. It is, therefore, by reason of its very looseness and incoherence, adapted to the apprehension of the multitude and calculated to land them indefinitely near, though never actually into the Church. For at the threshold they are met by an entirely new principle, the principle of a living teaching-authority, demanding obedience of the intellect; and to enter the Church without perceiving that this last step of the Rome-ward journey is absolutely different in character from every preceding step, is to be the victim of a profound but not unheard-of illusion. For to become a Catholic is not to add on one or two more items by which one's *catena* of Catholic opinions and practices is completed; but it is to accept on a totally different basis, namely, on the living authority of the Roman Church, all, and more than all, that one had already learned to accept.

Provided this be clearly understood, it can be nothing less than a great grace to have been so gradually trained out of one's Protestant repugnance to these various dogmas and practices, that the burden laid upon the convert by authority is light and easy, and almost insensible. It is, no doubt, very logical in the Catholic instructor first to prove the authority of the Church, and then to show that the acceptance of all she teaches follows as a matter of course. But the more extensively her teachings are already accepted on other grounds the more readily will the proofs of her authority be admitted. For if I know that a certain man makes what are to me very extraordinary and

incredible statements, I shall be most reluctant indeed to admit the proofs of his credibility without the keenest and most suspicious scrutiny. Similarly, if we put precisely the same demonstration of the Church's teaching-authority before two equally educated and intelligent non-Catholics, of whom one repudiates and the other accepts all the principal distinctives of Catholic teaching, it cannot be doubted that the former not only will, but ought to be far more slow to admit the proofs of her infallibility, which at the best are never such as can compel an unwilling assent.

It is hardly possible, then, for us not to see the hand of God working this happy effect, or at least permitting it to be worked and overruling it to the good of His Church. And this view is somewhat confirmed by the hypothesis of the extreme Evangelicals, who see in the movement so much evidence of design, that they are fain to attribute it to the machinations of the Jesuits, who are supposed to have organized the whole scheme, and, in the disguise of blameless Anglican ministers, to take active part in its prosecution.¹ This theory, were not the Jesuit of Protestant imagination as mythical as Diana Vaughan, would have much to say for itself; although the antagonism between the Anglican crypto-Jesuits and their overtly Roman *confrères* is acted with a perfection almost beyond the resources even of those trained experts in duplicity. For, indeed, if Protestants cannot ascribe the movement to God, it must be put down to the Jesuits, and to him whose agents they are presumed to be, or else to mere chance. But the last supposition is really very difficult. In the first place because, in general, the results of time are never really unravelled, and a position once universally abandoned by a people is rarely sought again. It is different if it has never been wholly rooted out of their heart and affections; but when once they have turned against it, and been taught to hate it, the chances of their turning back to it are very slight. More especially is this true where the position abandoned is the more difficult one, as in the case in point. It is far easier to

¹ e.g. "We hope we have an average stock of charity, though not sufficient to make us believe that all the sacerdotal propagandists in our Church are perfectly free from Jesuit casuistry, or indeed are anything but literal Jesuits working with that consummate skill, patience, tact, and energy, which are the distinguishing features of this most remarkable Order." (*The Rock*, June 11, 1897.) It has been maintained elsewhere with as much foundation and more plausibility that the *Rock* is a Jesuitical organ, designed to bring ridicule and contempt on Evangelical Protestantism, and to drive all intelligent professors of the same to seek refuge with the sacerdotalists.

disbelieve in the dogmas of Catholicism than to believe in them. The lapse from faith to unfaith, or from more faith to less faith, is easy, and in some sense natural; but the acceptance of faith, still more a return to the faith once abandoned, is against the ordinary tendencies of the mind and heart, and needs to be accounted for. The same holds even more forcibly of the return to the abandoned *practices* of the Catholic religion; to the frequentation of the Church's rites and sacraments, to confession, fasting, austerity, religious vows, none of which commend themselves to the natural man. So it is that apologists for Christianity, always insist wisely on the hardness of many of its sayings, in order to enhance the miracle of its speedy propagation in a sensual and degraded world.

Nor is the present argument weakened by dwelling on the seductive and popular character of Catholic ritual, which appeals to the senses and imagination. For to begin with, the English of to-day are not naturally very sensitive to the spell of pageantry and ceremony; and, then, the æsthetic appetite could have asserted itself in religion in a thousand ways more naturally than by a return to the rites and ceremonies of Rome.

Finally, one may ask: Is it natural, is it not rather or altogether in defiance of the laws of nature, that a people beyond all others proud and insular, who make a cardinal virtue of independence, who are deficient in so many of the characteristics which cause a religion of mysteries and sacraments to be congenial to the Latinized and Celtic races—that such a people, having thrown off the yoke and the name of Catholicism, having blasphemed its most sacred dogmas, anathematized its practices, hanged and persecuted its priests, should after three hundred years of unqualified and bigoted Protestantism come to stoop down and pick up quietly one by one the dogmas and practices they had thrown away in scorn: belief in the need of a teaching Church, of Apostolic succession, of sacraments; belief in some kind of Eucharistic presence, and sacrifice; in prayers for the dead, and some kind of Purgatory; in the veneration and invocation of the saints; more especially of the Virgin Mother; in the practice of fasting Communion; of auricular confession; in the institution of Religious Orders; belief, moreover, in many of the more modern practices, forms, methods of Rome which have no pretence to universality or even to pre-Reformation antiquity—and so on step by step till they have come to feel ashamed of the very name of Protestant,

and to desire to be recognized as Catholics by their old enemy the Pope of Rome?

It is, I say, little wonder that Evangelicals see in all this the work of the Jesuits or of the devil. For though it were nothing surprising to them that men should fall away from the pure truth of Bible Christianity, yet that they should fall back into Romanism is as strange as that a stone shot into the air at random should return precisely to its point of departure. Truth is one; but error is infinitely various. That after three hundred years of modern light, men should depart from the Bible by precisely the same route as they took in the early Church, can only be explained by the machinations of those in whom the old error has steadily lived on.

But Catholics, who believe their own religion to be divine, and who know nothing of the Jesuit or Protestant fiction, may well be pardoned if they see the finger of God in a phenomenon which cannot reasonably be attributed to chance or to any known law of the development of religious thought.

It still remains to inquire whether they should regard the movement as being positively the work of God or as being in itself the work of delusion and error, permitted by God and overruled to the good of souls and the increase of His Church. And this is a more delicate and difficult inquiry.

The latter supposition is not so impossible as it sounds at first. It is as a rule through many errors that we blunder into the truth; and it is after doing things wrongly at first, that we come at last to do them rightly. Now we find in Anglicanism a graduated variety of quasi-Catholic positions, each defective and untenable in some respect, yet containing some element of truth in advance of the preceding stage. If then it is repugnant to our notion of Divine sanctity to maintain that God directly leads the mind into error and through error and delusion into truth and reality, in other words, that He uses evil means to a good end; yet it is conceivable that He should permit the mind of the sincere Anglican to deceive itself frequently in its quest of truth, as a good teacher will often do, thus conducting it from hypothesis to hypothesis till it is driven into a corner from which there is no exit but through the door of the Church.

It is then possible to hold that the progress of the mind from pure Protestantism to certain imperfect Catholic beliefs mingled with error, is not due to the direct and special working

of God's spirit within the soul, but to other natural causes overruled by God in certain cases to the conversion of that soul and to its complete deliverance from all the teachings of heresy.

And the same explanation might be applied to the whole Anglo-Catholic movement, by which we understand the progress of a large party in the English Church from pure Protestantism in the direction of Catholicism. It is possible to suppose that this movement is not the result of any direct impulse or instinct of the Holy Ghost, and yet that it is permitted by God and overruled to the conversion of many to the Catholic Faith.

What might incline some Catholics to this view is the fact that, many of the beliefs in question, though involving a denial of Protestant error, and an approximation to Catholic truth, are notwithstanding, simply un-Catholic or anti-Catholic and as such cannot have God for their author. That God should guide men to believe in a Church teaching with Divine authority and ministering supernatural means of grace is credible enough; but that He should guide them to recognize the Church of England as satisfying these requirements is to them incredible; and yet these are not two separate beliefs in the mind of the Anglican, but one. Again, the ever varying and ever incoherent account which Anglicanism gives of itself; its seemingly disingenuous subterfuges to escape the ruthless pressure brought to bear upon it by Roman logic on the one side, and by Protestant logic on the other; its manifest feebleness and confusion as an intellectual position, make it hard to believe that it can be in any direct sense the work of the God of reason and order. Add to this, the strong anti-Catholic virus displayed by some of its leaders, the methods of their warfare, the seemingly wilful blindness, prejudice, unfairness of their controversy, and we can easily understand why so many Catholics are reluctant to see the direct working of the Holy Ghost in a party which not only aims at rivalling the Church; but which would gladly see her driven out of the country altogether, as a schismatical body.

Still, it must be confessed that such a view seems quite inadequate to account for the phenomenon we are considering. It fails to explain why this deviation from evangelical Protestantism should follow a road which is *à priori*, so difficult, so improbable, so uncongenial to the present national temper and bias as that which leads towards Rome. It opens the way

to religious scepticism for many converts, who, should they feel constrained to deny the guidance of God in the past, might not unreasonably question the security of their trust in His present guidance, not only as to their beliefs but as to what might be called their spiritual experiences. It ignores the universal principle that, as all truth and goodness is from God alone, so even that element of truth on which every lie is founded and of which every error is a perversion, and also that element of right of which every wrong is the distortion, is from God. It forgets that although it may be untrue that the English Church inherits the promises made to the Apostles, yet it is better to believe that she does so, than not to believe in those promises at all; and that even though it may be a mistake to hold that Christ is really present in the Eucharists of the English Church, yet this error involves a belief in the words of Christ concerning the Eucharist in general which most certainly is a true, implicit act of faith. For the premises are implicitly affirmed in the conclusion; and even if the conclusion be false, yet the implied premises may be true. Thus if a Catholic makes an act of faith in some absurdity which he sincerely but erroneously believes to be revealed by God, the explicit and false belief is not from God; but the implicit and true belief in revelation which he exercises at the same time, is undoubtedly from God. As regards the explicit error God holds Himself permissively, not hindering it, but for wise reasons allowing things to run their natural course, perhaps even overruling evil in the interests of good. But as regards the implied truth God is active and directly causative.

And such, it seems to us, is His intervention in this Catholic revival which we are studying. The one idea in which all Anglicans, of whatever degree, are united, and by which they are divided sharply from those whom they call "Protestants," is the conception of the Church as a supernatural society, which idea finds its full development in Roman Catholicism.¹ From first to last this idea is a seed of Divine truth struggling, in spite

¹ Dr. Hunt (*Religious Thought in England in the Nineteenth Century*) writes of the beginnings of Tractarianism: "Evangelicalism was the only really great religious power; but its principles were not essentially different from those of the Nonconformists. A distinct ground was wanted for the defence of the Church as a Divine institution. . . . The inspiration came from Keble, and the impulse from Froude; then the work was taken up by Newman, who found that he must force on the public mind that great article of the Creed, "I believe in one Catholic and Apostolic Church."

of the most unfavourable environments, to reach its legitimate expansion. If in its growth it is often aborted, stunted, twisted ; if in but one of a thousand instances it bears its full fruit, all this may be put down, sometimes to inevitable circumstances, sometimes to human perversity and stupidity. But all the vital energy which is thus defeated or perverted is from God ; and whatever fruit of goodness and truth it does yield, such as, the revival of faith in the stricter sense ; the revolt against crude rationalism ; the respect for historical and primitive Christianity ; the readiness to accept mysteries as an integral part of Christian revelation ; the clearer and firmer grasp of the Incarnation in all its bearings on the Church and on humanity ; and together with this the elevation of spiritual tone and character produced by these beliefs in individuals and masses ; the devotion and charity which has been enkindled and diffused ; the abundant graces conveyed to those who in all good faith and sincerity make devout use of what they believe to be valid sacraments ; above all the continual uneasiness and dissatisfaction of the movement with itself ; its aspirations after unity and communion with the rest of Christendom—all this is undoubtedly to be ascribed to Him. Nor is there any warrant in current theology for supposing that after sufficient faith for Christian salvation is secured, God's wisdom demands that the seed sown should in each single case be brought to that maturity to which of its own nature and structure it tends to arrive. He is well content with partial results and distributes truth in diverse measure to diverse men. Else we should have to maintain that all, even the savages on some undiscovered isle, who die without the fulness of Catholic belief, die in bad faith—a monstrous and unheard-of proposition. Nor does the fact of local nearness to the Church alter the case where inculpable prejudices and confusions place her at an intellectual distance scarcely measurable in a lifetime at the ordinary rate of mental progress. Therefore, that God gives a certain measure of Catholic truth to an individual Protestant does not mean that He is necessarily going to carry the work to perfection ; and similarly if the Anglican movement never produced a single convert, it would no less be the work of God, as far as it goes in the right direction.

The perversities, the inconsistencies, and the occasionally un-Christian and indefensible tactics of Anglicans, ought not to furnish any argument to Catholics against the Divine author-

ship of the movement. God's Spirit has always to strive with man, and to be aggrieved and dishonoured in a thousand ways before it can give effect to its designs. It is the law of the natural, as well as of the supernatural order. The whole history of the Catholic Church exemplifies it on every page. As for controversial unfairness and bitterness, it may be questioned whether controversy can be anything but unfair and bitter. But as we should be loath to identify Catholicism with Catholic controversy, so neither may we confound Anglicanism with Anglican controversy. To credit the Holy Spirit with the latter might indeed be an approach to the unforgivable sin.

Yet, even as regards their controversy, there is a danger of our being unreasonably impatient and narrow in our censures. To him who has caught the one true light in which a question should be viewed, and who can thenceforth never view it in any other, the conjectures and criticisms of others less favourably stationed seem necessarily absurd. Even converts soon grow so accustomed to the Catholic conception of the Church, that the Anglican controversy becomes as uninteresting to them as a well-worn riddle whose answer has been familiar to them for years. They come to forget how extremely perplexing the said riddle may be for those whom some lurking fallacy throws off the right scent. As for those brought up in the Catholic faith, it would indeed be wonderful if they could throw themselves with complete success into the real frame of mind of a sincere Anglican; or do more than deal with that very abstract and imperfect presentment of it which can be expressed in words; and if at times they fail egregiously in their efforts to do so, surely they are hardly to be blamed, when one considers the Protean, albeit unavoidable, shiftiness of Anglican theory. We say "unavoidable," for that a growing idea should vary in its expression and explanation; that after sundry patchings, mendings, and economies, it should from time to time wholly discard the language in which it has clothed itself, casting off the garments it has outgrown in favour of larger and more suitable garments, is inevitable and necessary, and does not mean that the idea formerly expressed was different, but merely that it has grown. The great variety of expression which Anglicanism exhibits in its representatives, according to the particular stage of development which its idea has attained in each case, is perfectly natural and consistent with real substantial unity of principle. Among Catholics, the notion of the Church is full-

formed, and therefore the same in all ; but in respect to other matters, where the mind of the Church is as yet undetermined, a like variety and inconsistency often obtains.

The truth is, that when men are driven on by some instinct, or by the force of some idea as deeply buried from clear apprehension as an instinct, their attempts to explain themselves and their conduct must always be ludicrously inadequate ; especially when the issue to which they are being carried is altogether repugnant to their present conscious principles and beliefs, as Romanism is, to the avowed and self-acknowledged tenets of a loyal Anglican. The idea of a Church in any Catholic sense of the term is as much out of place in a Protestant mind, as a cuckoo's egg in a hedge-sparrow's nest. Wheat and tares are different and hostile growths, and will never amalgamate or live peaceably together. They may be mixed up and intertwined, but never united. The attempt to trace them to one root is bound to fail. Therefore the confusion and tangle of Anglican theology, if it is considered as co-existing with a steady advance towards Catholicism, far from being a presumption against the supernatural origin of the movement, is precisely and only what we should expect to find in such a contingency. It is the confusion of a man drawn in opposite directions by his affection and his judgment, and who tries to conceal the antagonism from himself ; and find a *modus vivendi* by which both interests can be reconciled. If then it is not possible to deny that this movement is to be ascribed to the immediate and direct working of the Spirit of Truth, not indeed in the English Church, but in those whom it desires to lead out of that Church, what ought to be our attitude towards it ? how should we co-operate with God's designs ?

Obviously it will be our duty to desire and procure that the movement may spread and strengthen in every direction. As far as it appears at present there is no other conceivable hope for any extensive Catholicizing of England save through the instrumentality of this party. Our conversions from the Non-conformist bodies and from Low Church Anglicanism are too occasional and exceptional in character to give reason for believing that there is any steady Catholic influence at work in those quarters. As has been said, our language is too different from theirs to permit us to reach them save through an intermediary, such as we find in the High Church party. Nor yet is there any thinkable possibility of "corporate reunion."

For such reunion is necessarily a corporate action involving one will and one mind in the whole body. Unless then we can suppose that High Anglicanism will be some day completely victorious over the Latitudinarian and Evangelical schools, no corporate move in the direction of Rome is conceivable. But this is very unlikely; for although being a new movement under the influence of a growing idea, High Anglicanism has a vigour and vitality which more than outweighs the numerical preponderance of the Low party; yet in the Latitudinarian school a counter idea is at work which will dispute every inch of the ground with it.

What we might hope for, not unreasonably, is the accession to Catholicism of large bodies of individuals at some future date; and to the realization of this hope we may briefly turn our consideration.

Let us suppose that the recent Papal Bull on Anglican Orders had possessed, instead of mere theological cogency, the clearness and inevitability of an easy mathematical demonstration, so as to leave no loophole of escape for even the most confused and untheological mind; and let us suppose, moreover, that it had made all Anglican claims to continuity and quasi-Catholicity evidently ridiculous and unthinkable for any sane mind, what would the result have been as regards Catholicity?

No one who was justified before in his resistance to the Papal claims would be now justified in submitting to them simply on account of the collapse of Anglicanism. His principles might compel him to seek union with the Greeks or with the Old Catholics; but to submit to Rome for the sake of her sacraments and continuity, and at the same time secretly to deny her claim to infallibility, would be an act of fraud. Yet no doubt many of the more advanced school would have been driven to a closer consideration and to a less reluctant acceptance of Roman claims. There would have been a little rush of such conversions followed by a dwindling stream from the lower levels of Anglicanism. But the majority of the party, in no way ripe for such a step, would have lapsed to latitudinarianism or scepticism; and the movement would have soon died out altogether. Had such a demonstration of the truth been possible in the nature of things, the Holy Father, as guardian of the truth, would scarcely have been free to withhold it; though worldly wisdom would certainly have condemned the

economy which slays the goose for the sake of the golden eggs. As a matter of fact, the result has been such as we Catholics could not in conscience have aimed at, yet since it is brought about, independently of any deliberate designs on our part, we cannot but rejoice in it. For it has drawn the members of the High party together in the interests of common self-defence; it has called forth from them a notable display of anti-Roman virus which will tend to exonerate them in the eyes of other Protestants from the charge of Jesuitical treachery; it has stimulated their leaders to find a new *modus vivendi* for English Orders and Anglo-Catholicism, it has elicited from the Archbishops a document sufficiently ambiguous to be accepted by the lowest and the highest, and which, by bringing the former to speak the same language as the latter, will bring many of them eventually to attach the same sense to it. In fine, the spectre which beckoned so many to Rome has been cloaked once more; and Anglo-Catholicism has received another lease of life, and with a little judicious repair may hold out yet for many a voyage, and may weather many a worse gale.

Some day, no doubt, as evidence accumulates, the spectre will refuse to be laid, and the impossibility of Anglicanism as a stable position will stand out in glaring nakedness before the eyes of all; but the longer that day is delayed, the greater will be the number, not only of those who year by year are draughted into the Church, but of those who at that moment will be found proximately disposed to receive the full faith.

Everything, therefore, that tends to weaken the Anglican movement, or bring it to a head prematurely, is a calamity from a Catholic point of view. Even individual conversions of any note have their regrettable side. For by such an event perhaps a hundred incipient Anglicans are scared back or at least checked in their advance, who, if they would never have arrived at Rome themselves, would, by forwarding and extending the movement, have been eventually the parents of innumerable conversions at some future date. Fortunately such disastrous results are much neutralized by the practice of explaining such "apostasies" from Anglicanism as the result of madness, or weak-mindedness, or of a total failure to grasp either the Anglican or the Roman position.

Were Catholics as crafty and unprincipled as they are supposed to be, they would never, as they do, sacrifice eventual gain to some petty present triumph; they would be more

anxious for the roots of a future harvest to spread underground than to secure an immediate but feeble crop of conversions day by day; they would defer the reception of a convert as long as it was possible to suppose him in good faith, and would never disturb the good faith of those who were satisfied with Anglicanism; they would wait, and would allow the "idea" of Anglicanism to work itself out as slowly as it liked—the slower the better—but would never hurry it in any way.

Yet largely through the exigencies of duty, partly through that ovine artlessness which has ever distinguished the faithful, they follow a precisely contrary method, which, were it not for the overruling of Providence, might do much to retard and weaken the progress of Anglicanism. But what with the heat of controversy generated on both sides, and what with partly inevitable misunderstandings and misrepresentations, a spirit of mutual antagonism has recently been developed which, however regrettable from many points of view, will have the happy effect of consolidating the Anglican party in itself for a time, and of strengthening and spreading its roots, and so preparing the way for a much larger eventual ingathering of souls into the Church than would be possible to hope for from the only tactics which we are free in conscience to avail ourselves of.

This is how the question presents itself from a purely Roman Catholic stand-point to one who cannot fail to see in the Anglican movement the direct action of God in the interest of His Church and of the spiritual welfare of this country. Nothing here said should disturb the serenity of Anglicans in good faith, nor can these remarks have the faintest controversial value, begging, as they do, the whole question at issue between us and them.

G. TYRRELL.

William Habington.

"IF not too indulgent to what is my own, I think even these verses will have that proportion in the world's opinion that Heaven hath allotted me in fortune; not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low as to be condemned." It was a true poet and a reasonable critic of his own work that ushered his poems into the world with these words. As a writer of love lyrics, Habington has several superiors amongst even the minor poets of his day; as a singer of religious themes, his fame has been eclipsed by that of Southwell and Crashaw; yet the author of *Castara* has a peculiar charm and character of his own that enables him still to shine, with a faint but pure and steadfast light, from that great galaxy of poets in the mighty Elizabethan and pre-Restoration period.

There is little to know of Habington himself, and his personality is clearly reflected in his writings. A devout adherent to the Catholic religion, he had been educated in France. His family had passed through severe storms for their faith; an uncle had expiated his adherence to Mary Stuart upon the scaffold; the poet's father, himself a scholar and antiquarian, had lain a prisoner in the Tower for six years under Elizabeth, and was again imprisoned in the reign of her successor; it was in his manor of Hendlip Hall that Father Garnett was arrested. Even in the poet's manhood enough of persecution still hung over English Catholics to give point to the closing sentences of his picture of "A Holy Man," before the third part of *Castara*: "Death, how deformed soever an aspect it wears, he is not frightened with; since it not annihilates but unclouds the soul. He therefore stands every moment prepared to die; and though he freely yields up himself, when age or sickness summon him, yet he with more alacrity puts off his earth, when the profession of faith crowns him a martyr."

It is Habington's love story that made him a poet and gives his little volume its title: *Castara*. *Castara* was Lucy Herbert,

the youngest daughter of Lord Powis, whom the poet won for his bride. No doubt the lady was all that her poet husband has described her as: "In a word, all those virtues which should restore woman to her primitive state of beauty fully adorned her." His courtship and the happiness of their married life, with various deep friendships that lend additional cheerfulness to his path, is the thread that runs through the poems. Habington seems to have been a keen student too, more especially of poetry and of history, the latter taste being inherited from his father, who had some share in the composition of the poet's chief prose work, the *History of Edward the Fourth*. Amongst our poets, Spenser and Sidney held the highest places in his esteem:

Grown elder I admired
Our poets as from Heaven inspired.
What obelisks decreed I fit
For Spenser's art and Sidney's wit?
But waxing sober soon I found
Fame but an idle sound.

But, like many of his contemporaries, his own verse more frequently shows the influence of Donne. He writes with admiration on Fletcher and with enthusiasm for Ben Jonson, and his history of Edward IV. seems to have been composed with Shakespeare's historical plays open before him. His other prose work, the *Observations upon History*, was published in 1641, and consists of six short historical essays, not in themselves of any great merit, but containing much of their author's characteristic musing upon men and things by way of comment. In these two works Habington shows himself a Royalist, and, in a gentle, sentimental way, zealous for the divine right of kings. Civil war had not yet broken out when he wrote. Mutterings of the coming tempest were being heard, and there are echoes even in his quiet verse. Thus, in his lines to his cousin in praise of the city life in the long vacation, London is for the moment at peace:

Who were busy here
Are gone to sow sedition in the shire.

And in one of the love poems, a dialogue between Araphill and Castara, there is an anticipation of the coming conflict:

Castara, you too fondly court
The silken pace with which we cover'd are;
Unquiet time may for his sport
Up from its iron den rouse sleepy war.

So too among the devotional pieces, in the lines on the text,
Militia est vita hominis, we read of—

A pure devotion to the King,
In whose just cause whoever fights must be
Triumphant : since even death is victory.

Habington seems to have met with some favour from King Charles, at whose command his *Queen of Arragon* was performed at Court ; and he dedicated his history of Edward IV. to him in highly flattering terms, expressing his ardent hope that all His Majesty's people would be divinely aroused to the knowledge of their own felicity in being subject to the paternal government of so excellent and wise a Sovereign. Fortunately for England, the people did not realize their happy lot, and His Majesty's enemies neither tasted of his mercy nor perished in his victory, as the poet piously wished ! During the Civil War, Habington took no active part, but lived in studious quiet. We are glad to hear from Anthony à Wood that he "did then run with the times, and was not unknown to Oliver the usurper (*sic*)," under whose protectorate he died in November, 1654. Probably the poet's political attitude during this critical time is reflected in his *Lines to Archibald, Earl of Argyle* :

But I, my lord, who have no friend
Of fortune, must begin where you do end.
'Tis dangerous to approach the fire
Of action ; nor is 't safe far to retire.
Yet better lost i' th' multitude
Of private men, than on the state t' intrude,
And hazard for a doubtful smile
My stock of fame, and inward peace to spoil.
I'll therefore nigh some murmur'ing brook
That wantons through my meadows, with a book,
With my Castara or some friend
My youth not guilty of ambition spend.
To my own shade, if fate permit,
I'll whisper some soft music of my wit ;
And flatter to myself I'll see
By that strange motion steal into the tree.
But still my first and chiefest care
Shall be t' appease offended Heaven with prayer ;
And in such mould my thoughts to cast,
That each day shall be spent as 'twere my last.

One of Habington's editors, Elton, wrongly supposes that this Earl of Argyle was the famous Marquis, the rival of Montrose. It would have indeed been a somewhat strange phenomena to find the Catholic poet engaged in this correspondence with the

redoubtable leader of the Scottish party of the Covenant, and expounding a safe line of conduct to the man who was destined to lose his head at the Restoration. In reality, the person addressed is his father, the seventh Earl of Argyle, who, after a warlike youth, became a Catholic, and, having practically made over his estates and power to his son, was at this period spending the close of his life in retirement, until his death at London in 1638.

Habington's poetical works comprise that famous little volume of short poems, sonnets and lyrics, *Castara*; the tragedy of the *Queen of Arragon*; and several commendatory poems and elegies contributed to other books and dealing with contemporary dramas and dramatists.

Castara is a quaint and dainty little collection, and its quaintness is increased by the prose introductions that head each section. It must be frankly admitted that many of the love poems are more fanciful than passionate, and that Habington too often forgets the maxim of his favourite Sidney: "Look in thy heart and write." His sonnets, regarded from the technical point of view as sonnets, are by no means satisfactory in structure, although his delicate fancy renders the best of them very charming little poems in fourteen lines. *To Castara praying*, the second sonnet of the first part, is a fine example:

I saw Castara pray, and from the sky
A winged legion of bright angels fly
To catch her vows, for fear her virgin prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer air.
To vulgar eyes the sacred truth I write
May seem a fancy. But the eagle's sight
Of saints and poets miracles oft view
Which to dull heretics appear untrue.
Fair zeal begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty! let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soul, and from thy praise
T' enrich my garland pluck religious bays.
Shine thou the star by which my thoughts shall move,
Best subject of my pen, Queen of my love.

The course of Araphill's love runs evenly and calmly to a happy conclusion, the only obstacle having apparently been some opposition on the part of Castara's family to the match, on the ground of his position not being equal to hers. Thus for a time Araphill, as the poet calls himself, is debarred his Castara's presence:

William Habington.

My love is envious. Would Castara were
 The daughter of some mountain cottager,
 Who with his toil worn out could dying leave
 Her no more dower than what she did receive
 From bounteous nature. Her then would I lead
 To th' temple, rich in her own wealth.

All difficulties, however, seem soon happily removed :

Castara, what is there above
 The treasures we possess ?
 We two are all and one. We move
 Like stars in th' orb of happiness :
 All blessings are epitomiz'd in Love.

It is in occasional passages like this that the true poet is revealed. Habington is usually more successful in his lyrics than in his sonnets. Seldom has the old contrast that poets and painters have drawn between *amor sagro* and *amor profano* been more exquisitely expressed than in these stanzas from the little poem on the *Perfection of Love* :

That which doth join our souls, so light
 And quick doth move,
 That like the eagle in his flight
 It doth transcend all human sight,
 Lost in the element of Love.

You poets reach not this, who sing
 The praise of dust,
 But kneaded when by theft you bring
 The rose and lily from the spring,
 T' adorn the wrinkled face of lust.

How suddenly those flames expire
 Which scorch our clay !
 Prometheus-like when we steal fire
 From heaven, 'tis endless and entire :
 It may know age, but not decay.

No sorrows cast a gloom over the poetry that tells of the happiness of their married life, save his wife's delicate health, of which several poems treat ; and in the same contented and peaceful stream the second part of *Castara* flows on "in witness of love's triumph," a sadder note and a more solemn striking in at the close in the eight elegies which give utterance to the poet's grief at the death of his best friend and kinsman, George Talbot.

Among these love poems, especially those of this second part, are other pieces, mostly satires of a very mild kind, addressed to various friends, and passing a sometimes delicately

humorous judgment on men and affairs. Habington's own attitude is that of a quiet but shrewd observer, keen to note the foibles of men, but too kindly to scourge them with anything but the gentlest satire. Whether at the zeal of Amsterdam made divine by liquor, or at the pretensions of poets, or the self-importance of would-be politicians, his laugh is always a good-natured one :

Resolve me, friend (for it must folly be
Or else revenge 'gainst niggard destiny
That makes some poets rail), why are their rhymes
So steeped in gall? Why so upbraid the times?
As if no sin called down Heaven's vengeance more,
Than 'cause the world leaves some few writers poor.

Both in poetry and prose, Habington has a mild, sententious wisdom that never deserts him. He is peculiarly fond, too, of meditating upon the worthlessness of all things; and yet "to live he knows a benefit, and the contempt of it ingratitude, and therefore loves but not dotes on life." Nevertheless, the honest cavalier could enjoy a good fling when there was proper occasion for it, and, in spite of his favourite maxims touching the fickleness of princes' favours and the nothingness of the world, he was, like Cuddie Headrigg, content to pray blithely for the King "and drink his health into the bargain when the ale's gude." He gives a glowing picture of a loyal and sumptuous supper at which he was present, where—

The wealth
Of the Canaries was exhaust, the health
Of his good Majesty to celebrate,
Who'll judge them loyal subjects without that.

Our poet doubtless loved a good cup of canary, and he had in his cellar a rich and most potent sack :

Of this wine should Prynne
Drink but a plenteous glass, he would begin
A health to Shakespeare's ghost.

This was a few years after Prynne's famous *Histriomatrix, or a Scourge for Stage Players*, had appeared. Habington was on friendly terms with many of the leading dramatists of his day. He contributed the customary commendatory verses to several plays, and to the first folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher in 1547. Remembering Habington's own strict

religious and moral views, it is distinctly interesting to notice what the author of *Castara* has to say upon the moral tendency of the dramatical poems of John Fletcher. He is evidently not without some misgivings on the subject :

For me uninterrupted hadst thou slept
Among the holy shades, and close hadst kept
The mystery of thy lines, till men might be
Taught how to read, and then how to read thee.

But he apparently considers that Fletcher rightly read should be a force for good and not for evil, on the grounds that virtue is taught by his dealing poetical justice, and that kings and people alike can learn lessons of government and policy from his works.

These commendatory poems of Habington's have not yet been included in any collected edition of his works, nor yet a really admirable elegy upon the death of Ben Jonson, which he contributed to the little volume of poems to the memory of Jonson which was published in 1638, under the title of *Jonsonus Virbius, or the Memorie of Ben Johnson revived by the friends of the Muses*. Jonson's own splendid poem to the memory of Shakespeare makes it hard to appreciate an inferior effort of the same kind, yet the merits of Habington's elegy are unmistakable. To him Jonson is "the most excellent of English poets," "wit's most triumphant monarch," and the soul that will ever animate the English stage :

But you, whose comic labours on the stage
Against the envy of a froward age
Hold combat ! How will now your vessels sail,
The seas so broken and the winds so frail,
Such rocks, such shallows threat'ning everywhere,
And Jonson dead whose art your course might steer ?
Look up ! Where Seneca and Sophocles,
Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,
Enlighten yon bright orb : doth not your eye
Among them one far larger fire descry,
At which their lights grow pale ? 'Tis Jonson, there
He shines your star who was your pilot here.

Nor was Habington only a critic of the drama. His own play, which was acted at Court before Charles I., and revived at the Restoration, is a distinctly praiseworthy piece of work. Habington's commendatory verses on Shirley's *Wedding* would very fittingly apply to his own *Queen of Arragon* :

Blemished with the stain
Of impure life, some with atheistic rhymes
And witty surfeits force these ruder times
To fond amazement ; but thy fair defence
Rests in clear art and secure innocence.

It is hard to believe it could have been successful when revived, for it would be difficult to find anything more unlike the drama of the Restoration period in its complete freedom from dubious matter. All the characteristics which charm the reader of *Castara* are found in the *Queen of Arragon*; Habington's chivalrous and devout ideal of womanhood, his noble conception of friendship between man and man, and lofty conception of honour, his somewhat exaggerated loyalty to kingship and yet freedom from servile admiration, his distrust of the people and yet sympathetic respect for lowly worth. The heroine is perhaps an idealized portrait of Castara. The story itself is interesting and keeps our attention to the close, and the *dénouement* is dramatic and somewhat unexpected. The beautiful young Queen of Arragon is practically a captive in the hands of her general, De Castro, who had been Regent in her minority and who is supported by the people in his desire to win her hand. The King of Castille has espoused her cause, and the city in which she is detained by De Castro is attacked by the Castillian army under the command of the King's favourite, Florentio, himself the rival of De Castro for the Queen's love. In the assault Florentio is wounded and the Castillians at first repulsed, but, headed by a strange leader, they return to the attack and surprise the town. This unknown leader, Ascanio, is the King himself in disguise, and he too loses his heart to the Queen's charms. The scenes in which Florentio and the disguised Ascanio press their suits upon the Queen are admirable, full of the purest poetry. Both indeed, but especially Florentio, make love in the same spirit as Araphill to his Castara. Florentio thus describes his love to the Queen :

'Tis a pure love
Unmix'd as is the soul. The world perhaps
May judge a kingdom hath enamour'd me,
And that your titles dress you forth, to raise
My appetite up higher. Pardon love,
If it grow envious even of your fortune,
And that I'm forc'd to wish you had been daughter
Of some poor mountain-cottager, without
All dowry but your own beauty. Then I might

Have shewed a flame untainted with ambition,
 And courted you ; but now the circumstance
 Of greatness seems to challenge more than I
 Have power to give, and working up my love
 I serve my fortune.

There is perhaps a hint from the familiar passage in *A Winter's Tale* in the lines after the Queen has rebuked the presumption of the disguised King :

Ascanio. Madam, you haply scorn the vulgar earth
 Of which I stand compacted ; and, because
 I cannot add a splendour to my name
 Reflective from a royal pedigree,
 You interdict my language : but, be pleased
 To know, the ashes of my ancestors
 If intermingled in the tomb with kings
 Could hardly be distinguished. The stars shoot
 An equal influence on the open cottage
 Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nurs'd,
 And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
 With care and whisper.

Queen. And what hence infer you ?

Ascanio. That no distinction is 'tween man and man,
 But as his virtues add to him a glory
 Or vices cloud him.

Queen. But yet Heaven hath made
 Subordination and degrees of men,
 And even religion doth authorize us
 To rule ; and tells the subject 'tis a crime
 And shall meet death, if he disdain obedience.

The Queen is a noble, steadfast character. Her heart is with Florentio from the first, although for a moment her soul wavers in perplexity ; and her refusal of the disguised Ascanio leads up to her repeated rejection of him as the King. Friendship, love, renunciation, are the themes of this play. Florentio forces a duel upon his disguised King and benefactor, wounds him, and then discovers who it is. Ascanio accepts his renunciation of the Queen's love in his favour, only himself to finally surrender all claims upon her hand to his friend. Throughout the play the contrast is strongly marked between the two gallant Castilian youths, rivals in love and then in renunciation, and their stern Arragonian opponent, De Castro, the iron soldier, who cannot dress his love smoothly for a lady's liking, and whose passion "hath begot whirlwinds and thunder." De Castro is perhaps the strongest drawn figure of the group. At length, when everything is in his power, when he is once more at the

head of an army and the city has risen on his behalf to overwhelm the forces of Castille, he protests the sincerity of his devotion, abjures his power, forces his soldiers to swear absolute allegiance to the Queen, and retires into a monastery.

The comic portions are less excellent. There is a sub-plot of a foolish courtier, Sanmartino, who is altogether too much in the style of Massinger's Signor Sylli, and certainly finds his place "in the family of the Syllis." A blustering Arragonian captain is much better, and shows a very careful study of Shakespeare's Ancient Pistol, whom he out-Pistols and parodies. The appreciation of this swaggerer by Browfildora, Sanmartino's dwarf, who would interpret his bombastic language to smaller souls, is highly amusing; the dwarf's little body catches the Pistolian fire and flames out into splendid extravagance.

There yet remains another portion of Habington's work, the closing section of *Castara*, which consists of the prose character of a "Holy Man," followed by some twenty devotional poems, with mottoes usually from Job or the Psalms. It is the same spirit that moves Habington to end his *Observations upon History* with the short sketch of Charles V.'s abdication, an ideal view of a great ruler's renouncement of the world and his cloistered life. In Habington's peculiar pleasure in enlarging upon the vanity of all things, this class of his poems bears a certain resemblance to some of the work of Christina Rossetti. Habington has nothing very new or original to tell us upon the great themes with which he deals; other poets, before and after him, have imitated the words of the Hebrew Prophets of old, and perhaps, where Job and David and Solomon have trod, there is not much inducement to follow the footsteps of a minor poet. Yet, in spite of a few ungainly conceits and far-fetched fancies, there is considerable power in several of these pieces and a lyrical beauty more than equal to that of his earlier poems. Very fine, for instance, are the lines on the text, *Nox nocti indicat scientiam*, in which the contemplation of a bright summer night leads the poet on to read the mysteries of the Creator "in the large volumes of the skies," and, from the thought of the vast revolutions which the stars have silently watched or have yet to watch, to the transitory character of all earthly greatness and achievement. But perhaps, for pure melody and an indefinable, haunting melancholy and loveliness combined, the opening stanzas of the *Recogitabo tibi omnes annos meos*, a grave song to welcome the advent of spring, are sur-

passed by nothing else that Habington has written. Together with a noble poem on the thought of death (*Cupio dissolvi*), it closes the last part of Habington's poetical work :

Time ! where didst thou those years inter
Which I have seen decease ?
My soul's at war and truth bids her
Find out their hidden sepulchre,
To give her troubles peace.

Pregnant with flowers doth not the spring
Like a late bride appear ?
Whose feather'd music only bring
Caresses, and no Requiem sing
On the departed year.

The earth, like some rich wanton heir,
Whose parents coffin'd lie,
Forgets it once looked pale and bare
And doth for vanities prepare,
As the spring ne'er should die.

The present hour, flattered by all,
Reflects not on the last ;
But I, like a sad factor shall
T' account my life each moment call,
And only weep the past.

When Habington, as here, is at his best, his own modest estimation of the proportion that his verses should have in the world's opinion falls far short of his true merit, and, even when he is at his poorest, they never sink "so low as to be contemned." The great poetry of the period from Elizabeth to the Restoration may be likened to a mighty river rising on Parnassus and flowing down to irrigate all the world of art. Upon its banks Spenser and Shakespeare, Marlowe and Milton, have erected lofty cities, gay with palaces or stately with cathedrals ; but here and there are side streams, shallow and brackish in parts, yet in occasional freshness and beauty revealing the sacred source from which they have sprung, and near one of these streams stands a little building, a modest mansion with a chapel for Catholic worship, which William Habington has reared to chaste love, to pure art, and to faithful friendship.

EDMUND G. GARDNER.



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[P.T.O.]

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IV.

IN the last few volumes of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the numerical preponderance of converts to Rome over seceders from Rome to Anglicanism, notably decreases. This may be due to a mere coincidence, but I am rather inclined to suspect that a change may also have come over the counsels of the editorial committee. The consideration, formerly extended to Catholic divines and martyrs, by recognizing their claim to a place upon the national roll of honour, has possibly met with unfavourable comment in Anglican and anti-clerical circles. The result seems to have been both that fewer Catholic names are now included, and that those which have been allowed to appear have, at least in some cases, been less sympathetically handled. In any case, the fact is noticeable that the forty-eighth and forty-ninth volumes do not directly contribute a single name to our list, either on one side or the other, while the fiftieth volume, which has appeared since the present series of articles began, yields only one sincere convert to Romanism, as against one atheist, one vacillator, and five professing converts to the Established Church. Any reader who will examine the references in previous lists will note how utterly unprecedented is such a proportion of losses and gains. One fact, however, is not less remarkable here than in the earlier volumes. The quality of the converts to Anglicanism does not perceptibly improve. There is nothing to lead us to believe that the character of such men even as Sall¹ and Salgado attracted any particular degree of respect, either amongst the members of the communion they quitted, or amongst those whom they joined. Sall was in some sense a man of mark, and was handsomely rewarded for his change of sides, but preferment in those days was no test of worth, and Protestant writers were not ashamed to discuss with the most

¹ See the footnote appended to his biographical notice below.

engaging frankness their various schemes for the pecuniary encouragement of the recruits they hoped to gain.

This, in fact, is a point which, though incidentally touched upon before, deserves somewhat fuller treatment. There were unquestionably for a long period, and especially during the reign of Anne and her immediate predecessors, a considerable party of Anglican divines who were bent upon securing converts by every means in their power. Archbishop Tenison, the Primate, and Archbishop Tillotson before him, Bishop Compton of London, and, somewhat later, Bishop White Kennet of Peterborough, were all devoted to the cause. It was no doubt through their influence that the preparation of a form for the reception of converts into the Anglican Church was first mooted. Moreover, the little community of refugee proselytes, upon whose character and doings the indiscretions of Messrs. Malard, La Pillonière, Dubourdieu, and others, have shed so unpleasant a light, owed their continued existence almost entirely to the countenance and support of the dignitaries just named.

Neither must it be supposed that the interest evinced by Anglican divines in attracting converts from the Roman communion began only with the time of Queen Anne. Even as far back as Elizabeth's day, we find an impression generally prevailing that Romanism made a vast number of conquests amongst the flower of the young men at the Universities. That impression the authorities of the Church of England took great pains to dispel, and naturally they realized that the most effective answer which could be returned to such a charge, was to be able to point to a goodly list of proselytes from Rome who had pursued an exactly opposite course. It was this which contributed to the ardent welcome accorded to such a man as de Dominis, or to Texeda, Corwine, and many more of lesser note. During the time that Williams, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln and Archbishop of York, held the great seal under James I., and was engaged in promoting the Spanish match, he thought well to vindicate his loyalty to the Church of England by drafting a royal proclamation, which aimed at reassuring the minds of Protestants by the following, amongst other measures.

The Lord Keeper to be required to provide for every convert priest of good parts and honest life that shall renounce the Romish Church and embrace our religion, a benefice of the first that shall fall in His Majesty's gift. And every Bishop upon his coming into his see, shall

lay aside two benefices for that use, to be nominated by the Metropolitan of the Province, or whom else His Majesty shall trust therewith.¹

The same Bishop Williams, if the reader will pardon a digression from the matter immediately before us, was supposed, in order to discredit Laud, to have maliciously concocted the story that Dr. Theodore Price, a man whom Laud had strongly recommended for the archbishopric of Armagh, had abandoned the Protestant faith and died a Papist. To me it seems that there can be no reasonable doubt that Dr. Price really was received into the Catholic Church on his death-bed. Williams, who had striven for his advancement as much or more than Laud had done, tells a very plain and positive story. This is how Bishop Hacket, Williams' biographer, relates the incident :

Anno 1632, in the declining of November, Dr. Theodore Price, Subdean of Westminster College, was cut to be cured of the torment of the stone ; his wound growing dry, his present-death was presaged ; Mr. James Molins, his chyrurgion, gave intelligence, that his patient did discover to some visitants of the Romish faction, when he thought Mr. Molins did not hear him, his affection and devotion to their Church. That a table was prepared, covered, plate set on, with a wax light, and a piece of gold laid by it (this is his punctual relation) all being dismiss, and none remaining in the room but Dr. Floyd, a very skilful physician and a Papist (who is yet living), and a little old man, seen there but once before, who continued together about an hour.

The Bishop [Williams] being at Bugden, informed of all this, came in the depth of winter in all haste to town, and when he had lighted, before he would go to his own lodgings, he went to the Subdean, whom he found in sad plight, not like to continue ; so without more ado he offered to pray with him at the bed-side, and was spoken to by the doctor to forbear. Says the Bishop : "Cousin, you have need for holy assistance, will you entertain any of the prebendaries, or some other Churchman, to do this godly office for you belonging to the sick ?" He stiffly refused them all. The Bishop propounded, that his weak state might be remembered to God at the Evening Prayers in the Abbey. "No," says the other, "I do not desire them." "Will you have no communion with us of the Church of England ?" says the Bishop. "Not any," says the Subdean. "God give you a better mind," says the Bishop. "But cousin, will you have anything with me before we part ?" "Only, my lord," says he, "that you will be no more a trouble to me ; and that you will take my poor servant, being unprovided, into your care and family." . . . To deliver this much in the behalf of both the Bishops, Dr. Price's patrons that would have been, the man (Dr. Price) was of untainted life, learned in scholastical con-

¹ Hacket's *Life of Bishop Williams* (1693), pt. i. p. 123.

troversies, of a reverend presence, liberal, courteous, and prudent above many, and seemed very fit to make a governor. But, as our Cambridge term is, he was staid with Nescio's. He was not known in Court nor city, for he had not shown himself in a pulpit in twenty years. He that says no credit is to be given to the information that he died a Papist, I would he had proved it; for, as Cortesius writes to Politian (p. 242): *Plus de invento vero gaudeo, quam de victoriâ*—"I had rather it were true, than get the victory." But wishes will not bring it about.¹

It seemed worth while to make this extract from Bishop Hacket, because, in the notice of Price, synopsized below, the *Dictionary of National Biography* seems rather to discredit the story that this man "of untainted life, learned, liberal, courteous, and prudent above many," can really have died a Catholic. The fact was, however, generally accepted by churchmen, *e.g.*, by Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, although they had an interest in denying it. In any case, it shows that the question of conversions was one very keenly debated during the seventeenth century.

But to return to our immediate subject, the divines who during the reign of Queen Anne were so much bent upon devising a form for the reception of converts to Anglicanism, were also eloquent in urging that some pecuniary provision should be made for them after their change of creed. This is a point recommended with much persistence by Bishop White Kennet in his pamphlet, *Dr. Snape Instructed*. While, however, Kennet regrets the absence of any endowments for that specific purpose, he also lets us know that the Bishops and other private individuals had constantly extended to such proselytes the most generous support.

Private charities [he says] have not been wanting to make up the deficiencies of public provision for converts. They have found free access to our Primates and Bishops, they have been received into their houses, they have been entertained at their tables, they have lived upon their stated exhibitions to them, till a probation has^e been finished and they have been found worthy of preferment.²

Probably some public fund would have been organized in accordance with Kennet's suggestion, were it not that the distribution of the Queen's Bounty to refugees had already been attended with unseemly scandals, and that the Bishops most

¹ From Hacket's *Memorial of Bishop Williams*, pt. ii. p. 97.

² *Dr. Snape Instructed*, p. 86.

prominent in the movement had been notoriously imposed upon by a long succession of clever rogues. One may find many incidental references to these facts in the literature of the period. Thus Dubourdieu, the Minister at the Savoy, says in his *Appeal to the English Nation* :

Archbishop Tenison, who had more than once had reason to regret his liberality to proselytes, found it necessary to show greater caution for fear that they should set up a market for conversions, exposing religion to sale in a mercenary world, where divers would turn their consciences to that point from whence prosperity bloweth.¹

Bishop Compton of London had succeeded in making himself even more ridiculous than Tenison. Few individuals attracted more notice in England at the beginning of the eighteenth century than that extraordinary impostor Psalmanazar, whose career is summarized below. Pretending to be a native of the Chinese island of Formosa, and living, the better to carry out the imposture, upon a diet of raw flesh and roots, Psalmanazar, who was really a Frenchman and bred a Catholic, declared that he had been kidnapped by the Jesuits in Japan, and had resisted all their attempts to make him a Papist. Bishop Compton took prodigious interest in him after his formal reception into the Anglican Communion. He supported him for six months at Christ Church, Oxford, in order that he might teach some gentlemen the Formosan tongue, who were afterwards to go with him to convert these people to Christianity. The language was a language of Psalmanazar's own invention, and he translated the Church Catechism into Formosan and presented a copy to Compton, to whom he also dedicated a *Geographical Description* of the island. Even after others had detected the fraud, Compton still believed in him. Similarly at an earlier date Compton had incurred ridicule by the favour shown to another convert, De Luzancy, an ex-monk of La Trappe, whose story may be found in à Wood; and also by his patronage of C. M. Du Vert, who, after passing through the phases of Judaism, Catholicism, and Anglicanism, disappointed his patron by becoming a Baptist.

I need not here repeat the story of Bishop Hoadley's experiences with La Pillonière and Fournier; but to show that there was no gap in the succession of such adventurers, I may notice the case of Ferdinand de Macedo, not noticed in the

¹ P. 50.

Dictionary, who belongs to the early years of the reign of Charles II. In the diary of Sir John Bramston may be found a most interesting account of this adventurer, who, at the instigation of Henry Mildmay, swore, in 1663, that Sir John Bramston was a Papist, intriguing with Rome, and in receipt of a pension from the Pope, &c. There can be no doubt of the absolute falsity of this accusation. As one of the witnesses, Crispe, High Sheriff of Surrey, in the subsequent examination deposed, "Massedo was a very rogue, of his knowledge, as any was in Newgate," and he was soon reduced to an abject confession of the whole imposture :

The historie of him since he came into England and conversed with Protestants, testified before Mr. Attorney, is this : He declared himself a convert from the Church of Rome, was recommended to the Duchess of York, daughter of the Lord Chancellor (at that time a good Protestant), as an object of charitie ; her Royall Highness allowed him a pension of £30 per annum, and recommended him to the Archbishop of Canterburie, Dr. Sheldon, and to the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Morley. They allowed him £10 per annum each. The Bishop of Winchester carried him to Oxford, and placed him in Christ Church, recommends him to the care of Dr. Fell, then Dean of Christ Church, and to Dr. Locke, Canon there ; this was the 23 July, 1654. The Bishop of Winchester advanced £30 to buy him necessaries.

At Oxford, the Deane of Christ Church finds him drinking and dicing in his rooms. Not long after Macedo gott drunk, and fell to cuffs with a Frenchman, threw him downe the stairs, and made such a noise that disturbed the whole colledge.¹

Thereupon the Dean and Dr. Lockie writ to the Bishop of Winchester, beseeching his Lordship to rid the College of him, for if he stayd he would debauch the whole Colledge. . . . Macedo then gets into acquaintaunce with the dissenters, and tells them that as his conscience would not let him stay longer in the idolatrie of the Church of Rome, noe more could he allow of the superstition of the Church of England and of the Common Prayer ; and because he spoke against Poperie and the Common Prayer Dr. Fell had thrust him out of the Colledge. He rayled against the Bishop of Winchester, and sayd he was a Papist, in all places that he could.

It was hardly more than a dozen years after this that the whole story was re-enacted on a gigantic scale, and at the cost of untold suffering to the persecuted Catholics, by Titus Oates and his band of accomplices. And all through the eighteenth

¹ Pp. 140, 141. Kennet describes him in his *Chronicle*, p. 385, as that counterfeit pretended convert, Macedo, who proved himself an arrant impostor and a profligate wretch.

century one example succeeded another in rapid succession, no amount of warning being apparently able to restrain the Bishops from receiving with open arms almost every recruit who offered himself, provided only he was sufficiently vigorous in denouncing the iniquities of the Church which he had quitted.¹

That there existed, however, amongst the public at large a very deep feeling of distrust concerning proselytes from Rome might be shown from many allusions in the writers of the eighteenth century. Nowhere, perhaps, does this fact become more clear than in the remarks of the converts themselves, who published their recantation sermons with prefatory addresses and protests. Let me take for example the sermon of Myles Davies, *alias* Pollet. After commending himself to the notice of Bishop Beveridge in such terms as the following :

Your lordship's early rising fame (even with the foundation of that renowned Church of St. Peter's, Cornhill, in the City of London) soon found the Britannick islands too narrow for its overspreading wings. . . . Your lordship's one parish in the middle of the great City of London, could show more devout Christians, more frequent communicants, more instructed youth, and more learned laity, than all their Popish countries could reckon up, deluded nunneries, superstitious converts, apostatizing monasteries, and idolatrous churches.²

Pollet goes on to argue against the injustice of looking upon all proselytes with suspicion and dislike. The passage is too long to quote entire, but here are two or three sentences from it :

As for the number of these Converted Priests, I am sure there have never been so many as the Church of England need to be thought overcloyed or overburthen'd with them. And as for the want of sincerity of some of those Native Refugees, by not answering the Protestant Expectation, besides the Ungentleness (not to say Unchristianness) of the Objection, and the Uncertainty of the Matter of Fact, and the Occasion of it ; if all those Converts hitherto had been

¹ It is worth while to note another eighteenth century example : "One Black, a Popish priest, pretending to be a convert to our Church, was countenanced by the late Bishop of London, who made him a reader in the King's chapel. That great prelate was deceived, for Black was a most worthless fellow, and after running the circle of the basest immoralities, he escaped out of England, and appeared at Rome under the character of a divine of the Church of England, and chaplain to his present Majesty, embracing Popery. On this pretence, he was honoured and entertained by the Roman Cardinals as a valuable acquisition to their Church, till at last, his real character and story being known, he escaped out of Italy as precipitately as a certain Jesuit had done before." (From *A Complete and Final Detection of A——d B——r*, &c., in Tracts relating to A. Bower, page 55.)

² *The Recantation of Mr. Fo'let, a Roman Priest*, 1705.

so, it can have no other force in regard to the next convert, than as a very uncouth compliment for a seasonable put-off and trial of temers.

Finally, let me conclude this series of papers with a quotation from a volume recently published, in which the writer, an Anglican clergyman well known for his energetic work among the poor, expresses frankly his opinion of the Roman priests who occasionally seek to be received into the Church of England. History, it would seem, repeats itself here as everywhere else, and "Father" Dolling's vigorous description of what takes place in the present day is in exact accord with the results arrived at in our examination of the general character of converts to Anglicanism during the two preceding centuries.

Then, too, there were Romans desiring to become Anglicans, I fear the worst lot of all. I suppose one ought to rid oneself of one's instinctive dread of these persons, but I have met such hideous frauds amongst them. Almost my first day in Portsmouth I was persecuted by a wretched priest, whom, as soon as he had opened his mouth, I discovered to be a drunkard and a liar. He arrived one evening about five with a little bag in his hand. When I told him I was too busy to talk to him, he said, "I will leave my bag and return at dinner-time." Then when I told him there was only dinner for two, and neither I nor my secretary would share ours with him, he said, "Oh, it does not matter; but I will return to sleep." And when I told him that there were but two bedrooms, and neither I nor my secretary would share these with him, the mask fell off his face. He had been received into the Church of England, and the Church of England was bound to support him; he would soon make it too hot for me in Portsmouth. I never stood face to face with a more hideous blackmailer, but it was not till I had opened the door and taken him by the back of the neck that he retired.

Then came a most innocent monk, demanding rest and peace to meditate on the errors of his past religion, to discover the beauty of mine. Correspondence with his former Superiors proved he was utterly unworthy; but then there are always two sides to every question, and one felt bound to give him a patient hearing. Those who shared his room, said he not only went prayerless to bed, but in the same shirt he had worn during the day. This latter habit they much objected to. Alas! in him the habit did not make the monk. But when I discovered that *Ally Sloper* was his favourite reading, my mind was more perplexed about him, and I thought that this course of study could be as advantageously pursued at his father's, a respectable grocer in the north of England, and so I made him the offer of either sending him back to his monastery, or to his own home. That day came a wonderful conversion in him, his face all radiant with delight. He had been

spirit-led, as he said, to the Presbyterian minister's, and the minister and his wife had so expounded religion that he had discovered that the Church of England was quite as false as the Church of Rome, and now peace and happiness was reigning in his heart. Not long after, the town was covered with placards: "A monk will expose the enormities of monasteries." The lectures, however, fell rather flat. Gossip said they were not spicy enough; I imagined invention had failed. We used to see him as he lived in comfort at the minister's, but he cast pitying glances on us. Some time after the police called—they wanted information concerning him; and a year's retirement, free of charge, was granted him for obtaining money under false pretences. Alas! this did not suffice to really convert him, for some time ago he got a further term for the same thing in Ireland.¹

LIST OF 'VERTS BETWEEN THE YEARS 1600—1800, NOTED IN THE
DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. N to SA.

Nelson, Lady Theophila (d. 1705). In the notice of Robert Nelson, author of *Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England*, and other religious works; it is mentioned that his wife, who had previously been married to Sir Kingsmill Lucy, was converted to Catholicism by Cardinal Philip Howard. Archbishop Tillotson, who afterwards died in Nelson's arms, had endeavoured in vain to bring her back to the Church of England. It is remarked of Nelson and his wife that "their religious differences did not disturb their affection."² (vol. xl. p. 212.) C.

Nicholson, Francis (1650—1731). Theologian. Graduated at Oxford, in 1669. A sermon in favour of penance, preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, in 1680, caused him to be charged before the Vice-Chancellor with spreading false doctrine. He declined to recant, and his name was reported to the Bishop, "to stop his preference." On the accession of James II., he avowed himself a Catholic. In 1688, Nicholson joined the Carthusian Order, at Nieupoort, in the Netherlands, but the austerities of their Rule obliged him to leave about four years afterwards. He then went to Lisbon, in the service of Catherine of Braganza, and made over the whole of his property to the English College there. He died at the College in 1731. (vol. xli. p. 13.) C.

Nicholson, Thomas Joseph (1645—1718). The first Vicar-Apostolic of Scotland. Son of Sir Thomas Nicholson, of Kemnay, Aberdeenshire. He was one of the regents, or professors, of the Glasgow University for nearly fourteen years. In 1682, he joined the Church of Rome, and proceeded to Padua. In 1687, returned as a priest to

¹ From *Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum*, p. 90. By R. R. Dolling.

² Dr. Birch, in his *Life of Tillotson*, p. 120, mentions that Lady Nelson's daughter also became a Catholic, and that Lady Nelson was the author of a controversial work published in 1686. "She continued in the communion of the Church of Rome until her death."

Scotland. At the Revolution, in 1688, he was apprehended, and after being in prison for some months, was banished to the Continent. In 1694, Nicholson was nominated as first Vicar-Apostolic of Scotland. In November, 1696, he came to England, but was immediately apprehended, and imprisoned till May, 1697. He then proceeded to Edinburgh, and discharged his episcopal functions without much molestation for nearly twenty years. He died, October, 1716. (vol. xli. p. 26.) **C.**

Norton, Matthew Thomas (1732—1800). Dominican, born, in 1732, near Leeds, was converted to Catholicism abroad, and became a Dominican. In 1759, he came to England, and was at the head of the mission in Leicestershire. He returned subsequently to Belgium, and was Vicar-Provincial from 1774 to 1778, and was granted the degree of D.D. by the University of Louvain, in 1783. He returned to England, and died at Hinckley, in Leicestershire, in 1800. Norton won three medals offered by the Académie des Sciences et Belles-Lettres de Bruxelles for various dissertations written by him on agricultural subjects. (vol. xli. p. 216.) **C.**

Nourse, Timothy (d. 1699). An Anglican clergyman, a noted preacher. He associated much with Catholic priests, and, in 1672, became a convert to the Church. Deprived of his College fellowship, he retired to his estate at Newent, and devoted himself to study. During an illness in London, in 1677, he is said to have sent for Dr. Patrick, Protestant minister of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, but recovering from his illness, Nourse repented of what he had done, and returned to his former opinions. He suffered much on the outbreak of the Popish Plot, and died in 1699, at Newent. He left several miscellaneous writings. (vol. xli. p. 240.) **C.**

Oates, Titus (1649—1705). The notorious impostor and perjurer. He was entered at Merchant Taylor's School, in 1665, but was expelled in the course of his first year; but in 1667, passed as a poor scholar to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. His tutor, Dr. Watson, wrote of him: "He was a great dunce, ran into debt, and being sent away for want of money, never took a degree. He, nevertheless, after some failures, contrived to 'slip into Orders' in the Established Church, being instituted to the Vicarage of Bobbing, in Kent, in 1673. He then went as curate to his father, at Hastings. There, together with his father, he trumped up a disgraceful charge against a local schoolmaster. His father was ejected from his living, and Oates arrested on an action for £1,000 damages, and thrown into prison. An indictment of perjury was also preferred against him. He managed to escape, and obtained a berth as chaplain in the navy, but was expelled in a few months. He next obtained the post of chaplain to the Protestants in the Duke of Norfolk's household. In 1677, he formally professed himself a Catholic, and entered the Jesuit College at Valladolid, in June, 1677. In about five months, his scandalous behaviour procured summary and ignominious expulsion. He afterwards went to the Seminary at St. Omer, and was again expelled. Within six weeks of his return

to England, the fictitious details of the 'Popish Plot' were fabricated by Oates and Tonge, the Rector of St. Mary Staining. The details of this plot are known to all students of English history. "Among all the scoundrels" (who were his associates) "Oates was distinguished for the effrontery of his demeanour, no less than by the superior villainy of his private life." He joined the Baptist sect, but was soon expelled as "a disorderly person and a hypocrite." He died in 1705. (vol. xli. p. 296.)

O'Beirne, Thomas Lewis (1748?—1823). Divine and pamphleteer. His father, a Catholic farmer, sent him, with his brother, to St. Omer, to train for the priesthood. But Thomas adopted Protestant views. In 1776, he was appointed chaplain in the fleet under Lord Howe. In 1782, he attended the Duke of Portland, Viceroy of Ireland, as his chaplain and private secretary. He was presented with many valuable benefices, and was made Bishop of Ossory, and afterwards translated to the see of Meath. He died in 1823. (vol. xli. p. 303.)

O'Neill, Daniel (1612?—1664). Soldier, Royalist, and Postmaster-General, was born in Ulster, about 1612. He was early introduced at the Court of Charles I., and, unlike the rest of his family, became a Protestant. He took service as a volunteer under Sir Horace Vere, before 1635, and was employed on important missions. For a short time he commanded the Ulster army, and would have succeeded to the command altogether at the death of his uncle, but as a Protestant, was obnoxious to the Catholics. O'Neill, however, declined to abjure his faith. After the Battle of Worcester, he made his escape to the Netherlands. At the Restoration, he received numerous rewards for his loyal exertions. He died in 1664. (vol. xlii. p. 181.)

O'Quinn, Jeremiah (d. 1657). Irish Presbyterian minister. His parents were Catholics. On his becoming a Protestant, he was patronized by Arthur Upton, the proprietor of Templepatrick, O'Quinn's native place. Upton sent him to Glasgow University. He was put in charge of Billy parish, county Antrim. He is described as "of great reputation for honesty and zeal, though of little learning, and no great judgment." His name is on Henry Cromwell's civil list of 1655, for a salary of £100 at Billy. He died there on January 31, 1657. (vol. xlii. p. 233.)

Owen, Lewis (1572—1633). Controversialist, matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford. At the beginning of James I.'s reign, when travelling in Spain, he is said to have "entered himself into the Society of Jesus, at Valladolid, where he continued a curious observer among them for some time." He left, and became their bitter enemy. After various changes of employment, in August, 1628, he was apparently in the pay of the Government as a spy. In that, and the following year, he published various works, all tending to discredit the Jesuits. He died in 1633. (vol. xlii. p. 431.)

Panton, Thomas (d. 1685). Youngest son of John Panton, representative of an old Leicestershire family. In 1661, he obtained a

commission as colonel in His Majesty's Lifeguards, and also held a captaincy in the Footguards. He drew his pay from both regiments till 1667, when, having become a Catholic, he resigned his commissions into the King's hands during a review in St. James' Park. He died in 1685. (vol. xliii. p. 185.) **C.**

Papin, Isaac (1657—1709). Theologian. After completing his studies at Geneva and Saumur, he refused to sign a condemnation of Pierre Jurieu's doctrines, and was debarred from a career in the Protestant Church. In 1686, he came to England, and was admitted to deacon's, and subsequently to priest's Orders, by Turner, Bishop of Ely. He obtained, in 1687, the post of professor in the church of the Protestant refugees at Danzig, but being pursued by the hostility of Jurieu, had to resign. He was subsequently admitted by Bossuet (January 15, 1690) into the Catholic Church. He died in 1709. He was the author of numerous expository and controversial works. (vol. xliii. p. 193.) **C.**

Parker, John (fl. 1705). Colonel and Jacobite conspirator. He was born about 1654. He followed James II. to St. Germain, and remained devoted to his master. He was arrested in London in 1693 as a party to the plot against William III., but escaped from the Tower and fled to France. There his pension from the French Court was continued, but he was forbidden to approach St. Germain. "His treatment had so disgusted him with Jacobitism and Catholicism (which religion he had embraced in James' service), that he made overtures to the English Government, offering to serve under Anne." Nothing more is known of Parker. (vol. xliii. p. 247.)

Parker, William, Lord Monteagle (1575—1622). His parents, although they conformed, had strong Catholic sympathies, and Parker for some years displayed enthusiasm in the Catholic cause. But on the accession of James I. he abjured such perilous ways. Before 1605 he wrote privately to the King informing him that he desired to become a Protestant. He was rewarded by receiving, in the autumn of 1605, a writ of summons to the House of Lords as Lord Monteagle. He died in 1622. For the part he played in the Gunpowder Plot he was rewarded by a grant of £200 a year in land, and a yearly pension of £500. (vol. xliii. p. 284.)

Phillips, Arthur (1605—1695). Musician. Matriculated from New College, Oxford, 1622. From 1639 to 1656 was Choragus or Professor of Music at Oxford. He became a Catholic, resigned his post at the University, and served Queen Henrietta Maria as organist in France. He died in 1695. (vol. xlv. p. 195.) **C.**

Piers, Henry (d. 1623). Author. Son of William Piers, Constable of Carrickfergus. He paid a visit to Rome, became a Catholic, and wrote observations on Rome and other places on the Continent. He died in 1628. (vol. xlv. p. 269.) **C.**

Pope, Alexander. In a notice of Alexander Pope, the poet, it is stated that his father, *Alexander Pope*, was born about 1641 or 1642.

He was, according to Warton, a merchant at Lisbon, where he was converted to Catholicism. He was afterwards a linen-draper in Broad Street, London. Having made some money by his trade, he moved in 1700 to Binfield in Windsor forest. As a Catholic he was exposed to various disqualifications; but he appears to have lived comfortably among the country gentry, and had many friends among the Catholics. (vol. xlv. p. 109.) **C.**

Power, Richard, First Earl of Tyrone (1630—1690), eldest son of John, Lord de la Power of Curraghmore. Catholic family, classed as recusants in 1654. In 1678 he was arrested on a charge of treason and brought to England. In 1681 the Earl petitioned the House of Lords, setting forth the loyalty of his family for nearly five hundred years, and his adherence to the Protestant religion. His Protestantism did not survive the accession of James II. He became a colonel of a regiment of foot, and received honours and emoluments. Having levied war on William and Mary, he was lodged in the Tower, and died there. (vol. xlv. p. 258.)

Price, Theodore (1570—1631). Subdean of Westminster. He was a countryman of Williams, the Lord Keeper, afterwards Archbishop of York, and through him Price received much preferment. He was also in high favour with Archbishop Laud, and was recommended for the archbishopric of Armagh. He is said to have died a Papist; Laud denied the report but Williams affirmed it. (vol. xlv. p. 338.)

Psalmazzer, George (1679?—1763). Impostor. Native of the South of France. Real name not known. Both his parents were Catholics, and he was brought up in that faith. A passion for notoriety developed itself at an early age. When barely sixteen he began his life of adventure and imposture. He first procured a passport for Rome, describing himself as a young Jewish student, but he made his way by begging to Holland instead. He then forged a fresh passport calling himself a Japanese Christian. After a series of impostures he was baptized as a Protestant, and came to England in 1703. He imposed on Archbishop Tillotson, and Bishop Compton of London, and "was now invited to every great table in the kingdom." In 1710 his impostures were discovered, and he retired to obscurity, indulging, by his own account, in all manner of dissipation. In 1712 he revived his false pretensions. Subsequently he obtained employment as a tutor. In 1728 a serious illness led him to renounce his past life and errors, and to begin "a faithful narrative" of his deceit, to be published after his death. After that time he gained a great reputation for learning and sincere piety. He died in 1763. (vol. xlv. p. 439.)

Ramsay, Andrew Michael (1686—1743). Known in France as the Chevalier de Ramsay. Was the son of a baker in Ayr, and was educated at Edinburgh University. In 1706 went to the Netherlands with the English army, and later on went to visit Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, who converted him. Having won Fénelon's special friendship, he remained with him till his death in January, 1715. Fénelon

left Ramsay all his papers. In 1730 he came to England, and was chosen a member of the Royal Society, and received the degree of L.L.D. from Oxford. He died at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1743. (vol. xlvii. p. 238.) **C.**

Ramsay, Thomas (fl. 1653), son of a Scotch physician. Graduated M.A. at Glasgow University. Going abroad, he asserts that he abode with the Dominicans for a year, and then entered the Jesuit College. But there is no mention of him in the College register. Returning to England, he landed in Newcastle in 1653, and called himself Joseph Ben Israel, describing himself as a Jew from Mantua, who was seeking the truth. Disappointed in his reception at Newcastle, he went to Durham, and after a month's stay was baptized by the Baptist minister there. But the Baptists were doubtful about their convert, and means were taken to test his story. He said at length that the Jesuits had sent him to England to seduce people to Catholicism. His ultimate fate is uncertain. (vol. xlvii. p. 260.)

Reade, Thomas (1606—1669). Royalist. Born in Hampshire. Entered Winchester College 1617. Through the influence of his uncle, Sir Francis Windebanke, he was appointed in 1620 Latin Secretary to the Crown for life, and in 1624, at the King's request, a scholarship at New College was bestowed on him. When the Civil War broke out Reade enlisted as a Royalist, and later on was named Principal of Magdalen Hall. Soon after he went abroad, and was ordained a Catholic priest at Douay on March 6, 1649. Wood says it was reported he was a Carthusian. At the Restoration he returned to London. He died in poverty at Exeter House, Strand, in March, 1669. (vol. xlvii. p. 353.) **C.**

Reeve, Richard (1642—1693). Benedictine. He was educated first at Gloucester, and afterwards at Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1665. He joined the Catholic Church in 1667. He was appointed Master of Magdalen College School in 1670, and resigned in 1673. He went to Douay, and in 1675 became a Benedictine monk, but on account of his lameness never became a priest. Weldon states that Bossuet took great satisfaction in his society, and made very great account of him. He was recalled to England in 1688, and was by royal mandate nominated Master of the Bluecoat School at Gloucester, where he was to instruct "Popish youths." On the outbreak of the Revolution he was apprehended as a priest and a Jesuit, but was set at liberty in a few months. He died in 1693, and is buried at the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Westminster. (vol. xlvii. p. 413.) **C.**

Rice. In a notice of *Sir Stephen Rice* (1637—1715), Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and a staunch Catholic, it is stated that, "His eldest son *Edward* conformed to the Established Church to save his estate from passing in gravelkind under the penal law." (vol. xlviii. p. 105.)

Sadler, Thomas (1604—1681). Called in Religion, *Vincent Faustus*. Benedictine monk. Born in Warwickshire in 1604, was converted to

the Catholic religion by his uncle, Father Robert Sadler, first Benedictine Provincial of Canterbury. Thomas Sadler made his profession at Dieulouard in 1622. Sent to England and was Cathedral Prior of Chester and Definitor of the province in 1661. Author and translator of various religious works. Died in 1681. (vol. I. p. 112.) C.

Saint-Evremond, Charles de (1613?—1703). Soldier, poet, and essayist, and "the most refined epicurean of his age." Catholic, and educated at Caen. After a discreditable and varied career, he died in England in 1703, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. "Mr. Saint-Evremond," wrote Atterbury, "died renouncing the Christian religion, yet the Church of Westminster thought fit, in honour of his memory, to give his body room in the Abbey, and to allow him to be buried there gratis, though he left £800 behind him." (vol. I. p. 122.)

St. John, Henry, Lady Bolingbroke, second wife of Henry St. John, Vicount Bolingbroke. She was a Frenchwoman, widow of the Marquis de Villette, and joined the Church of England on her marriage with the notorious Henry St. John (with whom she had been in intimate relations for three years) in 1720. She died in 1750. (vol. I. p. 138.)

Salgado, James (fl. 1680). Spanish refugee of good family, became a priest and Dominican. "Becoming converted to Protestantism, he suffered much by the Inquisition of Spain, and after visiting France, Italy, and the Netherlands, he came to England about 1678." Andrew Sall [q.v.] signed a certificate testifying to his "civil behaviour" at Christ Church, Oxford, and recommended him for employment in tuition. In his dedication of the *Description of the Plaza* to Charles II., Salgado speaks of his pinching poverty. He is supposed to have left England before 1684.¹ (vol. I. p. 189.)

Salkeld, John (1576—1660). Catholic renegade and author. Studied (possibly) at Oxford, and afterwards in Spain at the Jesuit University of Coimbra. He joined the English Mission under the name of John Dalston. He soon fell under the suspicion of the English Government, and in March, 1612, was in the custody of Sir William Godolphin as a "guest." He delivered to Godolphin "papers relative to his conversion from Popery." James I. had many conferences with him, and "it was stated that the cogency of the King's arguments finally led to his conversion to Protestantism." He lived

¹ The sort of man that Salgado was may be gathered both from the contents of his treatises and from their titles. Here is one of them: "An Appendix wherein the Hellish machinations of the Pope are further searched into on the occasion of the never-enough-to-be-lamented death of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, that worthy gent. and zealous Protestant, &c., inhumanly butchered by the ruffian hands of the pernicious emissaries of the Pope." The work to which this serves as an Appendix, consists chiefly of an elaborate proof of the identity of the Pope with the devil or the Beast of the Apocalypse. There is a picture at the beginning which when looked at one way up, presents a likeness of the Pope wearing the tiara, and looked at the other way, the likeness of the devil. These verses accompany it:

With what strict bonds the Pope and devil are tied,
Who 'tween them both the rule o' th' world divide.
They to each other mutual kisses lend,
And in them vote which way the world shall bend.

for a time with Dr. King, Bishop of London. James I. presented him to the living of Wellington, Somerset, in 1613. In 1616, Salkeld informed against Lord William Howard for recusancy. In 1635, became rector of Church Taunton, in Devonshire. He died in 1660. (vol. I. p. 201.)

*Sall, Andrew*¹ (1612—1682). Irish Jesuit, born at Cashel, 1612. Was Rector of the Irish College at Salamanca from 1652—1655. Afterwards Professor of Divinity in various Spanish colleges. In 1664, he is stated to have been Provincial of the Irish Jesuits. He discussed points of controversy for six years with Thomas Price, Archbishop of Cashel, and on May 17, 1674, Sall made a public declaration of his adhesion to the Church of England in St. John's Church, Cashel. He considered his new faith "a safer way for salvation than the Romish Church," but admits that he would probably not have declared himself openly but for Essex's proclamation ordering Regular priests out of Ireland. He proceeded to Oxford, and he "was much carressed by several persons of high quality, amongst whom is the Earl of Orrery." In 1675, he was presented by the Crown to the Prebend of Swords in St. Patrick's, Dublin, and in 1676 made Chancellor of Cashel. He had besides the rectory of Kilfithmone, with other benefices in Cashel, the rectory of Dungourney, in Cloyne, and two livings in Meath. He was also domestic chaplain to the King. He died in 1682. (vol. I. p. 202.)

Savage, Richard, 4th Earl Rivers (1660?—1712). In a notice of the above, it is stated that his father, Thomas, the third Earl, exchanged the Romish for the Anglican communion at the time of "Popish plot." (vol. I. p. 342.)

Sclater, Edward (1623—1699). In Anglican Orders. Graduated at St. John's, Oxford, in 1644. Rector of Esher in Surrey. On the accession of James II., Sclater became a Catholic, vindicating his change of faith in two books, both published in 1686. In 1688, however, Sclater once more changed his views, and in 1689, made a public recantation and was received back into the Church of England. He afterwards lived privately, and died in London about 1698. (vol. I. p. 446.)

¹ This article, for which the writer, Mr. R. Bagwell, seems to have consulted hardly any but Protestant authorities, is full of inaccuracies. Sall was never Rector at Salamanca, nor Provincial, but the author has confused him with his saintly cousin, also named Andrew, who was for some time at the head of the Irish Mission of the Society of Jesus. To say of a Jesuit, that "he gave up a good position, and a certainty of preferment in the Church of Rome," betrays almost as much ignorance of the Constitutions of the Society, as the assertion, also made in the article, that the "fourth vow, which admits to the highest rank of the Order, is not taken before the age of forty-five." I am indebted to the kindness of Father Edmund Hogan, S.J., Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland, for the information that in the Spanish Catalogue of the Society of 1649, under Valladolid, he is described as *ingenium mediocre*, with the comment: *in literis mediocriter profecit*. In other Catalogues, of 1641 and 1658, similarly compiled for the private information of Superiors, he is said to be *prudencia mediocri*. The year of his birth is variously given as 1620 and 1622.

Our English Catholic Bible.

IN our last number we gave an account of the original edition of the Rheims and Douay version. For a century and a half after its first publication, this original edition held its place, and was the sole version in use among English Catholics. Indeed, during all that period, the times continued so troublous for Catholics, that further revision would hardly have been possible. But with the incoming of the eighteenth century, great dissatisfaction with a text now become so obsolete and uncouth, began to be felt and expressed. Thus Dr. Nary, who attempted a fresh translation of the New Testament in 1718, complains that the language of the old version "is now so old, the words so obsolete, the orthography so bad, and the translation so literal, that in a number of places it is unintelligible, and all over so grating to the ears of such as are accustomed to speak, in a manner, another language, that most people will not be at the pains of reading it." And Dr. Witham, who made another translation of the New Testament in 1730, bears similar testimony to the distaste for the old version which had grown up, whilst showing himself much more appreciative of the motives that had actuated the Rheims and Douay translators in the choice of their method. We have been defending this choice of our first translators, and likewise, in large measure, the uncompromising thoroughness with which they carried their method out. But even if the peculiar circumstances of their own time justified them in dealing thus drastically with the language, it does not follow that their work was equally adapted to the circumstances of a later generation. In the last quarter of the sixteenth century, the Catholic party still believed that the dominance of English Protestantism would prove but a passing phase, and that with the death of Elizabeth the country would revert to its senses and its ancient faith. Had these anticipations been justified, the Rheims and Douay version would have had the opportunity which the Authorized Version

has in fact enjoyed. It might have accustomed English ears to the sound of its bold terminology, and even to the harshness of so many of its constructions, and so it might have really become a moulding force in the evolution of the national speech. But events, as we know, did not justify these anticipations of the translators, and their version was constrained to flow permanently in a current which mingled but little with the main stream of the national life. Hence its strange phrases and terms continued to be strange, and no wonder if in a later age they were found "grating to the ears of such as are accustomed to speak, in a manner, another language."

The man who eventually undertook to remedy the evil was, like the original translator, a scion of Douay College, the College which would ever be memorable in the annals of English Catholicity for its gift to us of our English Catholic Bible, were it not still more memorable for the entire series of its services to the same noble cause, and for the heroism of its many martyred sons. We must dispense ourselves from giving any account of the life of Bishop Challoner, and we can do so the more resignedly, as the Catholic Truth Society has just brought out an excellent little life of this industrious scholar, wise ruler, and saintly man, to whose unwearied labours, both pastoral and literary, English Catholics of the last century owed so much.¹ Unfortunately, little has been recorded of the history of his revisional labours. We only know the bare fact that he undertook them, and for the rest must be satisfied with such inferences as we can draw from a collation of his text with the original which he was revising. In drawing these inferences, however, we are aided by a work published in 1855 by Archdeacon Cotton, entitled, *An Attempt to show what has been done by Roman Catholics for the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures in English*. As the name already suggests, the purpose of this work is hostile. Still his researches are very painstaking and on the whole accurate, and he has furnished us with a wealth of statistics and bibliographical details for which, notwithstanding his frequent displays of ill-nature, we owe him a debt of gratitude. Happily too this work of Dr. Cotton's was made the subject of a very careful review by Cardinal Newman, which appeared in the *Rambler* for July, 1859, and has since been republished separately in the writer's *Tracts Theological and*

¹ *Bishop Challoner*. By the Rev. Edwin Burton, D.D. London: 21, Westminster Bridge Road.

Ecclesiastical. The Cardinal (who, of course, was not Cardinal at that time) tested to some extent Dr. Cotton's results, and added some more statistics of his own. As he has besides made a summary of Dr. Cotton's bibliographical information, his paper has been of great assistance to us, and may be recommended to those who desire to study this textual question more minutely than the present article can enable them to do.

Challoner brought out his first revision in 1749, and this consisted of the New Testament only. In the following year he brought out the Old Testament, with a second edition of the New; and in 1752, he brought out a third edition of the New, to be followed in 1763-4, and again in 1772, by other editions of the entire Bible.

The principle on which he went was, whilst ever bearing in mind that the version was and must remain a version of the Vulgate, to render it more intelligible to ordinary readers and more conformable to their taste. Hence he changed the spelling, removed as far as possible antiquated terms and collocations of words, and mitigated the extreme literalism of his copy in passages which, as they stood, were incomprehensible to all but scholars; and it has been observed that in carrying out these plans he has frequently borrowed, as he was fully justified in doing, from the Anglican Authorized Version. He likewise introduced such corrections of the text as were necessary to bring it into conformity with the Sixtine and Clementine amended edition of the Vulgate, which in the days of Dr. Gregory Martin had not yet appeared.

To illustrate the character of these changes it may be useful to give a connected piece in the two versions, and we may take the passage given in the previous article, transcribing afresh the Rheims text for convenience of reference.

THE RHEIMS VERSION.

16. Nobody putteth a peece of raw cloth to an old garment. For he taketh away the peeing thereof from the garment [*tollit enim plenitudinem ejus a vestimento* (Vulg.)], and there is made a greater rent. 17. Neither do they put new wine into old bottels. Otherwise the bottels breake, and the wine runneth out, and the bottels perish.

CHALLONER'S VERSION (of 1732).

16. And no man putteth a piece of new cloth to an old garment: for it taketh away what was whole from the garment, and the rent is made worse. 17. Neither do they put new wine into old bottles; otherwise the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles are lost. But new wine they put into new bottles: and

But new wine they put into new bottels; and both are preserved together.

18. As he was speaking this unto them, behold a certain Governour approached, and adored him, saying: Lord, my daughter is even now dead; but come, lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live. 19. And Jesus rising up, followed him, and his disciples. 20. And behold a woman which was troubled with an issue of blood twelve yeares, came behind him, and touched the hemme of his garment. 21. For she said within herself: If I shall touch only his garment, I shall be safe.

22. But Jesus, turning and seeing her, said: Have a good hart, daughter: thy faith hath made thee safe. And the woman became whole from that houre. 23. And when Jesus was come into the house of the Governour, and saw minstrels and the multitude keeping a sturre. 24. He said: Depart, for the wench is not dead but sleepeth. And they laughed him to skorne. 25. And when the multitude was put forth, he entered in, and held her hand. And the maid arose. 26. And this bruit went forth into al that countrie. (Matt. ix. 16—26.)

both are preserved. 18. While he was speaking these things to them, behold a certain ruler came, and adored him, saying: Lord, my daughter is just now dead; but come lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live. 19. And Jesus rising up, followed him with his disciples. 20. And behold, a woman that had an issue of blood twelve yeares, came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment. 21. For she said within herself: If I shall but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be healed. 22. But Jesus, turning about and seeing her, said: Take courage, daughter: thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour. 23. And when Jesus came into the house of the ruler, and saw the minstrels and the crowd making a rout, he said: Give place, for the girl is not dead but sleepeth. And they laughed at him. 25. And when the crowd was turned out, he went in, and took her by the hand: and the girl arose. 26. And the fame hereof went abroad into all that country.

In extent, Bishop Challoner's changes are so considerable that in Cardinal Newman's judgment they render his revised text "little short of a new translation." The same opinion was expressed by Cardinal (then Dr.) Wiseman, who in the *Dublin Review* for 1837, said that "to call it any longer the Douay or Rheims translation is an abuse of terms." One does not like to differ from two such judges; still it seems to us that this estimate is exaggerated. The changes are doubtless considerable, and it is true, as Cardinal Newman shows, that many of them are in the direction of an approach to the Anglican

text. Nevertheless, if the three texts are compared, we cannot help feeling that, in contrast to the Anglican text, the Douay and Rheims text and Challoner's stand together as practically one, even after we have discounted the degree of identity which necessarily springs from the common relation of the two latter to the Latin Vulgate. The question, however, is one which cannot well be determined by argument, but must be left to personal judgment, nor is it one of so much importance.

Cardinal Newman, in the paper referred to, expresses no opinion as to the literary merits of Challoner's revision, but Cardinal Wiseman judges of them unfavourably. "So far as simplicity and energy of style are concerned the changes are generally for the worse," he says, and to justify this contention is the theme of his article. His judgment is doubtless shared by very many, but again it is a judgment which seems to us exaggerated. The passage above transcribed is not wanting in simplicity, but hardly offers scope for a display of energy. Still St. Matthew vii., St. Luke xi., 1 Cor. xv., are chapters in which the style is not lacking in force or elevation, and they are only specimens of what may be found generally throughout the version. We are not indeed contending that Challoner's version appeals to the ear with all the force and music of the Authorized Version. That is a power to which the Bible of a section of the community could never have aspired, however great its intrinsic merits, for, as has been pointed out, such power in a version requires that the national ear should be attuned to its sounds. Moreover, Bishop Challoner belonged to his own age, and that age affected a standard of literary excellence different in some respects from what gives pleasure now. Nevertheless, for those who can rise above the influence of prejudices and passing fashions, his version has merits of a solid kind; for its language is clear, easy, and dignified, and not without a certain music of its own.

But in a version of Holy Scripture, as the Rheims translators have told us, fidelity is of more importance than style, and it will be asked how Challoner's version stands in this respect. This at least may be said, that, speaking generally, our Catholic version has not lost by passing through his hands the character for minute accuracy which was impressed on it from the first. Challoner was evidently careful about accuracy, and in some places has even improved on the Rhemists. It must be admitted, however, that from this point of view several of his changes

are for the worse. For instance, in the above quotation, "new cloth" is not so good as "raw cloth," the Latin being *rudis*, and the Greek ἀγνάφου; but Challoner had a tendency to borrow from the Anglican version, which has here misled him. The Anglican Revised Version has "undressed," which is the real meaning of ἀγνάφου. Apparently, too, it was the influence of the Anglican Version which, in St. Matt. xviii. 9, made him substitute "hell fire" for the Rhemish "hell of fire," though the latter is required alike by the Latin and the Greek.

One might be inclined to convict him likewise of shortcoming in his dealing with another point in St. Matt. ix. 16, the passage above transcribed. "It taketh away what was whole from the garment" does not make sense, and it is clear from an attentive study of the Greek that πλήρωμα is a nominative. The Anglican Version has caught the meaning exactly: "That which is put in to fill it up taketh away from the garment." Still it was a Catholic translator's duty to translate from the Vulgate. It was for the commentator, not the translator, to determine if in this or any other case that ancient translation had missed the meaning of the original.¹ Challoner was faithful to this duty, and correctly rendered, somewhat improving on his Rheims predecessors: "*It* taketh away what was whole from the garment." The famous text, St. John ii. 4, referred to in the previous article, furnishes an instance in which his principle of removing whatever was harsh and unintelligible has compelled him to elect between two meanings, and has caused him to select the least probable. The Rhemists translated, "What is to Me and to thee," that is, they translated the phrase verbally and there left it, explaining the nature of the ambiguity in a footnote.² Challoner, in his 1749 edition, inserted an "it": "What is it to Me and to thee?" and, in his 1752 edition, changed the "it" into "that." So rendered, our Lord's meaning becomes, "What concern have you and I with this matter?" which does not suit either the idiom or the context. If the reviser was resolved to depart from the literal rendering of the Rhemists, it would have been better perhaps to translate "Leave Me alone," or "What complaint have you against Me?" meaning, "Do not be anxious, or think I have not observed the difficulty: I will attend to it presently." The Protestant "What have I to do with thee?" is certainly not appropriate, on account of the associations connected with the

¹ See THE MONTH for June, p. 573.

² *Ibid.* p. 582.

phrase which have converted it into a coarse rebuke, whereas Mary understood the words said to her as an implied consent to act as she desired. Nor is the Protestant rendering really supported by the analogy of the other passages in which the same Greek (or Hebrew) phrase has been similarly misrendered in the Catholic as well as the Protestant versions. For instance, in Judges xi. 12 ; 3 Kings xvii. 18 ; St. Matt. viii. 29, the context shows that it means, "What complaint hast thou against Me?"

But we approach now the topic to which reference was made at the commencement of our former article. It has been stated that Bishop Challoner brought out several editions during his lifetime. As far as the Old Testament is concerned, their text is identical, and has remained practically so ever since. But as regards the New Testament, it has been different. The New Testament edition of 1750 contained a few, though not many, additional corrections of the Rheims version beyond those already made in the edition of 1749. But the edition of 1752 introduced about two thousand further corrections into the text of 1749. The editions which followed were mere reproductions of the text of 1752, and we may therefore neglect them. What it concerns us to notice is that in consequence of the added corrections to the text of 1752, this and the text of 1749 have become texts distinct from one another, although the variants which characterize them are all of a minor kind. The following extract from Cotton's collation of the two will illustrate both these points :

EDITION OF 1749.		EDITION OF 1752.	
Luke i.	8. When he.	That while he.	
	10. Function in the order of his course before God.	Office before God in the order of his course.	
	14. In his nativity.	At his birth.	
	29. Who having heard.	When she had heard.	
	63. A writing-table.	A table-book.	
Luke ii.	72. Testament.	Covenant.	
	16. The manger.	A manger.	
	18. All that heard wondered at these things.	All they that heard wondered, and at these things.	
	30. Mine eyes.	My eyes.	
	31. Peoples.	People.	
	38. Confessed.	Gave praise.	
	42. They going up into.	They went up to.	
	43. And having fulfilled.	And after they had fulfilled.	

Luke iii.	2. Was made unto.	Came to.
	4. Make straight his paths.	Make his paths straight.
	15. The people was.	The people were.
Luke iv.	2. He eat.	He did eat.
	3. Say to this stone.	Command this stone.
	11. Lest perhaps thou.	Lest thou.
	43. To whom he said : To other cities also I must preach the kingdom of God.	And he said to them : I must preach the kingdom of God to other cities also.
Luke v.	3. To draw back.	To thrust out.
	37. Break.	Burst.
Luke vi.	7. Watched if he.	To see if he.
	25. That now laugh.	That laugh now.

Any one desirous to extend the comparison further can find the text of 1749 in Messrs. Burns and Oates' sixpenny New Testament, and the text of 1752, in Messrs. Duffy's duodecimo Testament, approved in 1857 by Cardinal Cullen and the Irish prelates, in Messrs. Richardson's, now the Art and Book Company's, Bible with Bishops Walsh and Wiseman's *imprimatur* under date of 1847. If the comparison is further extended it will be found that all the various editions range themselves into two series according as they follow one or the other of Challoner's two revisions—or rather, since 1791, of Challoner's 1749 text, or his 1752 text, further revised by Macmahon, of whom mention will be made in a moment.

That Challoner should not have considered his work complete until he had further corrected the text of his first venture is not difficult to understand, and it is also sufficiently obvious that it was his second, not his first revision, which he desired to be perpetuated. It is the text of 1752 which reappears in his own subsequent editions of 1763—4 and 1772. How then are we to explain the fact, to which attention has been called, that each of his editions has been taken as a standard for subsequent reprints, so that we have now current amongst us two distinct families of Catholic Bibles? To answer this inquiry we must have before us an account of the editions subsequent to the time of Challoner.

Bishop Challoner died in 1786, from the shock caused him by Lord George Gordon's riots. Seven years later a fresh edition of the New Testament was published at Liverpool. For some unknown reason this edition followed the Rheims

text, ignoring the labours of Challoner. In 1783 an edition of the New Testament was prepared in Dublin. This followed Challoner's 1752 text, but introduced into it further changes, some fifty in the Gospels, and some five hundred in the later books. The reviser was the Rev. Bernard Macmahon, a Dublin priest, and, as he calls his revision the "fourth edition," meaning evidently that Challoner's editions of 1749, 1750, and 1752, were the preceding three, we gather that he regarded himself as an appointed continuator of Challoner's work. This edition of 1783 bore the approbation of Dr. Carpenter, then Archbishop of Dublin, and it is interesting to observe that it is the first English edition which bore a written episcopal approbation. The Rheims version never had it, perhaps because it was published before the time when the practice of such approbations had come into vogue, and Bishop Challoner's edition did not require it because he was himself the Vicar Apostolic whose approbation was needed, and he necessarily approved his own work by doing it. Dr. Carpenter's approbation runs thus: *Hanc quartam editionem nunc denuo recognitam et emendatiorem redditam a Revo. B. Macmahon approbamus.*

A few years after, Dr. Troy, the successor of Dr. Carpenter in the see of Dublin, commissioned Father Macmahon to superintend a quarto edition of the whole Bible. The latter, in fulfilling the commission, seems hardly to have touched Challoner's Old Testament text, but in the New Testament he is said to have introduced about two hundred more alterations beyond those found in the previous text of 1783. This quarto Bible of 1791, has been called Dr. Troy's Bible, and it bears Dr. Troy's approbation, which is expressed in the following terms: *Novam hanc Bibliæ Sacræ editionem, typis Ricardi Cross licentia nostra impressam, et cum Vulgata Clementina, necnon Duacena Veteris Testamenti anni 1609, Novi Testamenti Rhemensi anni 1582, et Londinensi Veteris et Novi Testamenti Reverendissimi Domini Challoner Episcopi Daborensis anni 1752, Anglicis jam approbatis versionibus, a Reverendo Domino Bernardo Macmahon diligenter jussu nostro collatam, auctoritate nostra approbamus; eandemque debitis servatis conditionibus a fidelibus cum fructu legi posse declaramus. Dublinii, die 2 Sept. 1791.*

We call attention to these approbations of Archbishops Carpenter and Troy, particularly to the latter, because it is clear from the terms used that the two prelates were accurately advised as to the character of the text they were sanctioning.

It was the Douay and Rheims text, as revised by Challoner in 1752, and further revised with view to the edition in hand by Bernard Macmahon.

As from this time onwards whenever Challoner's 1752 text has been copied, it has usually been taken not as it left his hands, but as it became under the hand of Macmahon, a few words on the nature of Macmahon's revisions are required.

Dr. Cotton has said that they mark a reaction against the influence of the Anglican Bible to which Challoner was considered to have approximated too much. This, however, is the language of prejudice, and Cardinal Newman, to whom the reader must be referred for the details, estimates that Macmahon sometimes recedes more from the Anglican version and sometimes approaches nearer to it, just as he sometimes restores the old Rheims reading which Challoner had abandoned, and sometimes strikes out a new translation of his own. In short, his plan was independent of these considerations, and seems to have been merely to aim at the most precise accuracy, so far as he was able. Dr. Westcott, in his *History of the English Bible*, gives some specimens of Challoner's readings with Macmahon's corresponding changes, and, as the pure text of Challoner's 1752 edition is accessible to few, it will be useful to transcribe those of them which occur in the Gospels and the Acts.

CHALLONER'S 1752 TEXT.

MACMAHON'S TEXT.

Matt. ix. 24. Laughed him to scorn.	Laughed at him.
25. When the multitude was sent forth.	When the crowd was turned out.
Mark xv. 8. They began to desire that he would do as he had ever done to them.	They began to desire what he had always done to them.
Luke i. 65. Noised abroad.	Divulged.
ix. 51. The days that he should be received.	The days of his assumption.
xiv. 1. One of the chief of the Pharisees.	A certain prince of the Pharisees.
xix. 48. All the people was very attentive.	All the people were held in suspense.
xx. 18. Grind him to powder.	Dash him to pieces.
John viii. 16. I and the Father that sent me.	I and he that sent me, the Father.
Acts ii. 6. Was noised abroad.	When this voice was made.

Acts ii. 38. Peter said to them do penance.	Peter to them : do penance (said he).
v. 24. In doubt concerning them what would come to pass.	In doubt what was become of them.
xii. 19. Commanded they should be put to death.	Commanded they should be led away.
xv. 37. Would have taken with him.	Had a mind to take along with him.
xxiv. 8. Of whom if thou examine him thou mayest thyself have knowledge of all things whereof we accuse him.	From whom thou being judge mayest know all these things of which we accuse him.

That the desire to be accurate dictated these changes is sufficiently apparent. Thus "laughed at him" was substituted for "laughed him to scorn," in the feeling that the latter expression was too strong for the occasion. "Crowd" was substituted for "multitude," the latter denoting too large a number to get inside a house. The phrase substituted in Mark xv. 8 keeps more closely to the Latin original. "Divulged" is the etymological equivalent of the Latin *divulgabatur*, and is a truer rendering of *διελαλεῖτο* than "noised abroad;" "talked about" would, however, have been better than either. "Days of his assumption" is a reversion to the Rheims text, and is much preferable to Challoner's "days that he should be received." "When this voice was made,"¹ is at all events a correct translation, which "noised abroad" is not; for it is the sound of the wind which is meant, not the rumour of what had happened. On the other hand, the changes in St. John viii. 16 and Acts ii. 38, though inspired by the idea to keep close to the Latin, are very clumsy, and were not necessary; and "led away" instead of "put to death,"² is a disregard of idiom which quite obscures the real meaning.

It was desirable that the reader should understand the character of Macmahon's changes, and it is now manifest that they are too insignificant both in number and kind to create a distinct text. We might therefore disregard them altogether except as literary curiosities, but it will be more

¹ Acts ii. 6.

² Acts xii. 19.

convenient to call the text of 1752, as revised by him, the Challoner-Macmahon text.

Editions of Dr. Troy's Bible with Challoner's revised text appeared in Dublin in 1794, 1803,¹ and 1810, and were followed in 1816, 1823, and 1829 by three editions in folio, published in Liverpool, and bearing Bishop Gibson's sanction. All these followed Challoner's 1752 text, but, not having access to them, we are unable to say whether the folio editions adopt Macmahon's further changes. Also, by the side of these English and Irish editions, there was another, which appeared originally in Scotland, and is said by Cotton to have been brought out under Dr. Hay's sanction. This edition appeared in Edinburgh in 1761, and again in 1804-5, but after that date we find the seat of its publication transferred to Dublin, whence came re-impressions in 1811, 1814, and 1817. This edition likewise gives the text of 1752, not, however, with Macmahon's readings, which were not made till long after its original appearance in 1761. Dr. Cotton tells us that occasionally, though seemingly very seldom, it deserts the text of 1752 for that of 1749.

What we want to emphasize is that, till the second or third decade of the present century, Challoner's text of 1752, which represented his maturer labours, was the only one employed. But in 1815 the discarded text of 1749 re-appeared under noticeable circumstances. A Catholic Bible Society was formed in London, through the instrumentality of Mr. Charles Butler and others who gathered round him, and they brought out a New Testament in two sizes, a 12mo and an 8vo. It hardly contained any notes, Butler being anxious to have none at all. Dr. Milner, in his *Supplementary Memoirs*, tells us "it was the most incorrect edition of the New Testament that was ever published"—incorrect, that is, in the number and gravity of its *errata*—but all we need to notice about it just now is that it was the first to employ the hitherto discarded text of 1749. It describes itself on its title-page as "stereotyped from the edition published by authority in 1749," the choice of this text being apparently due to a highly improbable notion of Mr. Butler's, that Challoner had allowed all his other editions, though they were brought out under his eyes, to be tampered with by others. This edition seems to have had very little sale

¹ In the edition of 1803, according to Dr. Cotton, Macmahon, who would have done better to stay his hand once and for all, introduced a few more slight changes.

among Catholics, who probably viewed it with suspicion, and in 1823 its stereos passed into the hands of Messrs. Bagster, the Protestant publishers, who desired to have on stock a Douay text to be used for purposes of proselytism.

We may pass over two other editions published in Ireland in 1816 and 1820, of which the first was a reprint of the old Rheims text, and the second was without notes and was unique in following Challoner's intermediate (1750) text. Both these seem to have been approved by Dr. Troy under a misapprehension of what they were, and the former of the two excited by its publication considerable controversy.

We come now to Archbishop Murray's Bible, which appeared at Dublin in 1825. Particular attention should be paid to this edition, as it is the one which by its adoption of the text of 1749, is responsible for the present confusion of two variant texts equally current amongst us. It has been noticed that the text of 1749 had been already used by the Catholic Bible Society, but there are no grounds for supposing that this precedent exercised any influence on Archbishop Murray's editors. What, then, could have been the motive of their return to a hitherto discarded text? Archbishop Murray's approbation to the 1825 edition runs thus: *Novam hanc sacrorum bibliorum in linguam Anglicam versionis editionem, typis Ricardi Coyne licentia nostra impressam, cum Vulgata Clementina, necnon Duacena Veteris Testamenti anno 1609, Rhemensi Novi Testamenti anno 1582, aliisque jam approbatis Anglicis versionibus diligentissime jussu nostro collatam, auctoritate nostra approbamus.* Had the editors on this occasion, for some unknown reasons, consciously preferred the hitherto discarded text of 1749, one would have expected Dr. Murray to state the fact distinctly in his episcopal approbation, just as the selection of the text of 1752 and the fact of Macmahon's further revisions are expressly declared in Archbishop Troy's approbation of 1791, which has been transcribed higher up. But, on the contrary, what we do find in Archbishop Murray's approbation is an apparent unconsciousness of any difference between the text of his new Bible and that of Archbishop Troy. In Archbishop Troy's approbation, *Anglicis jam approbatis versionibus* is a phrase in apposition describing the character of the previously mentioned Rheims and Douay version and Challoner's 1752 version. In Archbishop Murray's approbation, *aliisque jam approbatis versionibus* is a phrase which must at least denote two other

versions besides the Rheims and Douay version just mentioned, and these two other versions can only mean Challoner's version (not suspected to exist under two forms) and the Challoner-Macmahon version. We say they can only mean these two, for the phrase *aliisque jam approbatis versionibus* is manifestly a compendious phrase meant to cover the same ground as the longer corresponding phrase in Archbishop Troy's approbation.

It looks, in other words, as if this harking back to the text of 1749 was due to what we will venture to call a "fluke." The publisher, perhaps because he wanted an octavo text, whereas Archbishop Troy's Bibles were in quarto, folio, and duodecimo, took one of Challoner's 1749 Bibles, not knowing that it differed from his other Bibles; and the Archbishop's approval was granted under a similar misapprehension. He desired to sanction the re-impression of Dr. Troy's text, and imagined he was doing so. It must be remembered that in a matter of this kind a Bishop relies on his advisers, and that the latter, unless their attention had been called to it, might easily fail to perceive a difference of text which, after all, does not lie on the surface.

If this conjecture is well-founded it must be regarded as a misfortune that Dr. Murray's Bible of 1825 was stereotyped. The effect of this was to give it an advantage over other editions in future republications, and this advantage was increased by the fact that Coyne, the publisher of this edition, was in intimate relations with Maynooth College. "As it was deemed likely," says Dr. Cotton, "that an edition issued under such circumstances would obtain a very extensive circulation, it was cast in stereotype, and the plates are still in use at this day (1855). Copies were taken off from time to time as wanted. Some bear on their title-pages the dates of 1825, 1829, 1833, others of 1840, 1844, 1847." Dr. Cotton adds that "this Bible seems to have given great satisfaction to the Roman Catholic public, and to have been made a sort of standard or exemplar for some editions since issued both in Great Britain and Ireland."

This last observation is to some extent true, but not entirely. It has been throughout not a preference on the part of readers, but, if we mistake not, a chance selection on the part of book-sellers, who were not conscious of the question at issue, and merely looked to the stereos of Archbishop's Murray's edition as facilitating reproduction. Nor would it be true to say that since the appearance of Archbishop Murray's edition in 1825,

the text of 1749, Challoner's discarded text, has swept the field. We find, indeed, that several editions published in Ireland—chief among which were Dr. Denvir's series of reprints, beginning in 1837—borrowed the text of 1749 from Dr. Murray, and so did an American edition published at Philadelphia in 1840, with the approbation of Drs. Kenrick and Hughes.* But, apart from the Catholic Bible Society's unsuccessful venture in 1815, the editions published in England continued for some time faithfully to reproduce the text of 1752, or rather the Challoner-Macmahon text of 1791. Such were the folio editions of 1829 approved by Bishop Bramston, the octavo edition with Bishops Walsh and Wiseman's approbation in 1847, and the various editions of Haydock, published in 1812, in 1822-4, in 1845-48, 1853 (Husenbeth's), with which may be joined the Edinburgh Haydock of 1828.

It was not till 1853 that the influences of Archbishop Murray's Bible began to be felt in this country. A 12mo edition was projected at Belfast, and obtained the approval of Dr. Denvir in that year. Naturally it kept the 1749 text of Dr. Denvir's previous editions, but the publishers, Messrs. Simms and McIntyre, soon sold the plates to Mr. Charles Dolman, who accordingly brought it out eventually in London in the same year.

To bring the record up to the present day, so far as we are able, we must add that Messrs. Duffy brought out a 12mo New Testament in 1853, and an 8vo Bible each containing the 1749 text in 1857, undated apparently, and the same year brought out a 12mo Testament containing the Challoner-Macmahon text. This last mentioned Testament passed into another edition in 1874, and is, we believe, widely used. In 1876 Messrs. Burns and Oates brought out an 8vo Bible with the approbation of Cardinal Manning. It was copied from a previous edition approved by Archbishop Crolly of Armagh, which in its turn was derived through Dr. Denvir's editions from Dr. Murray's Bible of 1825. Thus once more the text of 1749 was introduced into England, where it has naturally maintained its place in Messrs. Burns and Oates's subsequent editions.

It remains to mention a quarto Bible with the text of 1749, published by M'Glasham and Gill in Dublin, in 1846, and bearing Cardinal Cullen's approbation; a New Testament by the same publishers, but bearing Bishop Denvir's approbation, though he was then dead, in 1882; and Canon Oakeley's

edition of Haydock, with the Challoner-Macmahon text, which appeared, we believe, in 1878; also a quite recent reprint, by the Art and Book Company, of Bishop Wiseman's Bible of 1847, which like all the previous editions of Haydock has the Challoner-Macmahon text.

The conclusion, then, to which these particulars point, is that (1) whereas Challoner's final revision, which was intended by him to be perpetuated, held its ground exclusively for some time, and holds it concomitantly with the others to this day, his discarded text of 1749 found its way back into use through the influence of Archbishop Murray's Bible of 1825; that, on the other hand, (2) it was not intentionally adopted in preference to the others by Archbishop Murray, but, having apparently been adopted in 1825 by a bookseller's misadventure, it obtained a series of episcopal approvals given in unconsciousness that any distinction of text existed, and under the impression that it was the text which Challoner had finally approved, with the further revisions of Macmahon which Archbishop Troy had commissioned him to make. In connection with this last point, a very curious illustration of the freedom with which these approbations were given and used may be mentioned. Messrs. Duffy's Bible of 1847, and their duodecimo Testament which apparently came out about the same time, bear approbations from Archbishop Cullen and the Irish Hierarchy, of which each is dated May 4, 1857, each is an exact counterpart of the other, and each exactly reproduces the approbations of Archbishop Murray. Yet the former volume has the text of 1749, the latter the Challoner-Macmahon text.

If these facts are correct, and it will be hard to dispute them, we can see which of the two texts, that of 1749 or that of 1752 with Macmahon's revisions, has the best right to be called the approved text. The former may by this time have obtained a prescriptive approval, but the latter is the one which can show the clearest title. What, however, are we to say in regard to the intrinsic merits of the two?

Here, from the outset we have a strong presumption in favour of the later text, contained in the simple fact that it is the later text. When the two texts are compared, it becomes apparent that in the later text Challoner does not undo his former work. Macmahon goes back in one or two places to the Rheims text, but Challoner's later text never does, so far as we have been able to ascertain. What Challoner does in his edition

of 1752, is to make further revisions in the Rheims text, these further revisions being such as the consistent carrying out of his chosen principles demanded. Now, there may be those who would have preferred that the Rheims text should be left untouched, but if it was to be touched in the sense of being rendered more smooth and intelligible, it was clearly best that the transformation should be made with sufficient thoroughness to ensure a homogeneous result. And it is just this quality of homogeneity which the text of 1752 possesses, and that of 1749 lacks.

To justify this statement by examples would require an amount of space which cannot be given. But a few specimens will suffice to show what we mean.

A large proportion of the corrections made in the edition of 1752 consist in the resolution of the relative into pronoun and conjunction. That these changes in many cases have no particular significance, may be readily admitted, but it is also impossible to deny that the change in many other instances was imperatively required. Thus in St. Mark x. 13, 14, the edition of 1749 reads: "13. And they brought to him young children that he might touch them. And the disciples rebuked those that brought them. 14. Whom, when Jesus saw, he was much displeased and saith to them." The "whom" would naturally be referred by the reader to the children, or at least it remains ambiguous as far as the mere syntax of the passage is concerned, whether the disciples, the children, or those that brought them, are in question. There can be no doubt that Challoner, in his 1752 edition, did well to substitute: "And the disciples rebuked them that brought them. And when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased," &c.

A still more striking example is to be found in Acts vii. 26, where the text of 1749 reads: "At the same time was Moses born, and he was acceptable to God; who was nourished three months in his father's house." In place of which the text of 1752 reads: "At the same time was Moses born; and he was acceptable to God: and he was nourished three months in his father's house."

The first verses of the same chapter supply another example of the same sort of advantageous resolution of the relative. The chapter begins thus: "1. Then the high priest said: Are these things so? 2. Who said: Ye men, brethren, and fathers, hear." The "who" refers of course to Stephen, to whom the

question is addressed, but there is no word in the preceding verse with which the relative can be connected. Challoner substituted: "And he said: Ye men, brethren, and fathers, give ear."

But besides these and many similar instances which follow some sort of principle, Bishop Challoner seems to have modified the text wisely in the case of numerous individual words and phrases. "Will not God avenge his elect?"¹ is certainly preferable to "Will not God revenge his elect?" "The place was moved wherein they were assembled"² is well replaced by "The place was shaken," and so is "The Jews also added and said" by "The Jews also assented and said."³ "Ye husbands . . . giving honour to the female as to the weaker vessel"⁴ offends the ear more than "Giving honour to the woman as to the weaker vessel." "Amen, I say to you, a sign shall not be given to this generation"⁵ is certainly more in accordance with English syntax than "Amen, I say to you, if a sign shall be given to this generation." "The transmigration of Babylon"⁶ hardly conveys adequately what Challoner in his later edition paraphrased as "the carrying away to Babylon." And "Sit thou here in a good place"⁷ is better than "Sit thou here well." So, again, in verse 16 of the last-mentioned chapter, the text of 1749 hardly makes sense: "Saying, What shall we do to these men? for indeed a known miracle hath been done by them to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem: it is manifest, and we cannot deny it." The miracle had not been done to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, but it had been so publicly wrought that it was known to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem. The rival version is not particularly elegant, but it keeps closer to the original, and at least makes the meaning clear. "Saying, What shall we do to these men? For a miracle indeed hath been done by them conspicuous to all the inhabitants of Jerusalem: it is manifest, and we cannot deny it." In St. Luke ix. 25, "to gratify the Jews" sounds better to modern ears than to "show the Jews a pleasure,"⁸ and "What doth it profit a man?" better than "What is a man advantaged?"

Moreover, there are a class of readings in the 1749 text which seem to be pure oversights, not to say blunders. Such,

¹ St. Luke xviii. 7, 8.

² Acts iv. 30.

³ Acts xxiv. 9.

⁴ 1 St. Peter iii. 7.

⁵ St. Mark viii. 12.

⁶ St. Matt. i. 17.

⁷ St. James ii. 3.

⁸ Acts xxiv. 27.

for instance, is the archaism in the first chapter of St. Matthew : "When *as* his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph"—an archaism which, strangely enough, is not to be found in the original Rheims text. Still more notable is the translation of Romans vi. 18 : "Being then free from sin, we have been made servants of justice," where, besides the fact that "being free" is an inexact rendering of "having been set free," the pronoun of the first person "we" has been substituted for "you." And again, in 1 Cor. v. 2, "that he might be taken away from among you, that have done this deed," the second person plural has been substituted for the third person singular, as is shown in the reading of 1752, "that he might be taken away from among you who hath done this deed."

The object of these articles, which was historical, is now accomplished. We have given, to the best of our power, a simple account of the phases through which our English Catholic text has passed, and an explanation of the strange currency side by side of two variant texts at the same time. If, however, we have regretted this want of uniformity, we do not wish to be understood as recommending drastic measures,¹ although it does seem to us that it would be good if in future editions the nature of the text used were clearly stated. After all, the variation between the two texts, being confined to slight turns of phrases, is of more theoretical interest than practical importance; nor must it be forgotten that in the Catholic Church the one really authorized text is that of the Latin Vulgate. It is this which has been from the first so intimately associated with the teaching and devotion of the Church, and over the preservation of this text, even in the minutest points, the Holy See will always continue to watch with a jealous eye. The supervision of vernacular translations, on the other hand, is left to the local authorities, the Holy See not deeming

¹ As these articles were suggested by the desire to aid those who are studying the Douay text in preparation for the Local Examinations, the opportunity may be taken to say why the Challoner-Macmahon text has been adopted in the *Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools*. In itself this choice requires no defence beyond the statement of facts already given. The only difficulty might seem to be that the Oxford Delegacy, probably through not being aware of these facts, has preferred to use the text of 1749 in setting the Examination questions. The variations, however, between the two texts are, as will have been seen from the specimens given, not important enough to affect Examination papers. It would have been superfluous, therefore, as well as unscholarly, to reject the best accredited text, and give further encouragement to the spread of the intruder.

it prudent to authorize them itself.¹ And it is contemplated that these vernacular versions, which are only of relative importance, will differ in value, and may need progressive improvement.

Are we, however, to look forward to a revision in the near future which will give us an English Catholic translation satisfactory in every respect? This is a question which is continually asked, and it is well known that Cardinal Newman, by the desire of the Bishops, at one time undertook the task. It was only vested interests which prevented the Catholic public from reaping the benefit of so unique an opportunity. What then about the future? We can but put the question here; it would require a separate article to discuss it. It will be sufficient for the present to plead on behalf of the current version, in spite of the divergence between the two forms of its text, that if only it be examined with a competent and unprejudiced mind and ear, it will be found to possess merits for which it does not usually receive credit.

S. F. S.

¹ "Licet Sancta Sedes ab hujusmodi versionibus sua approbatione firmandis aliena sit, tamen rem utilem facturum si . . . predictæ versionis Duacensis emendationem aggredieris," (Third Instruction of Propaganda to Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, January 24, 1868. Coll. Lacens. iii. p. 380.)

Silvio Pellico's "Dio Amore."

I LOVE, and I have felt against my heart
The throbbing of my Lover's Heart : it was—
 Shall trembling lips dare tell ?—
 It was the Heart of God.
Of God, who rayed with gleaming glory, rules
In the bright heavens, yet finds His chiefest joy
 To be with little man
 A-wandering in this vale.
The fair intelligences all-amazed
Behold that glory wrapped in fleshly veil
 Descending to this heir
 Of guilt and wretchedness,
And, healing with His sacred hands the wounds
Of the poor mangled worm ; and to all worlds
 Shouting His joy, should one
 Poor sinner love Him back.
I saw Him through the deep abysmal gloom
Draw near me ; and I heard His gentle plaint :
 " Why dost thou shrink and hide
 From My pursuing love ? "
Closer He drew and closer yet, the while
The radiance of His beauty shone more sweet,
 Till my heart burned within,
 To burn for evermore.
I love, and I have felt against my heart
The throbbing of my Lover's Heart : it was—
 I boldly dare proclaim—
 It was the Heart of God,
Whom I have seen and known ; who loves me,
 whom I love.

Aid for Catholic Prisoners on Discharge from Prison.

It is admitted on all sides that one of the most important problems which the clergy of the Catholic Church are set to solve, is to satisfactorily cope with the serious leakage which takes place amongst its members here in England. Conversions to the faith are recorded daily, and many of these are most gratifying, in that they occur among the intellectual classes; but it is idle to live in a fool's paradise, and we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the number of conversions is nearly out-balanced by the number of Catholics who drop away from the practice of their religion. Any suggestion, therefore, which tends, in however small a degree, to bear on the leakage question, is deserving of earnest consideration. It is for this reason that I would plead for the establishment of an Aid Society for the purpose of looking after Catholic prisoners on their discharge from prison, for I am confident that the result would be the keeping of many within the fold who would otherwise not only give up practising their religion, but go to swell the habitual criminal class of the population. Doubtless it is a lamentable fact that the large majority of Catholic prisoners have, before their committal to prison, long ceased to give much thought to religion at all; but a prisoner on reception into prison is called on to declare his religion, with the result that the Catholic is brought under the ministrations of the priest. The very fact that a priest is appointed to minister to prisoners may be taken as a proof that his work is to some degree of value, from a reformatory point of view; but it is to be feared that what good he can do among the Catholic inmates of the gaol, is almost entirely lost when those inmates are discharged, without any Catholic association holding out its hand to lead them along the right path.

The time for considering this subject is now ripe. The treatment of prisoners has always been of great public interest,

but lately it has taken a prominent place in the topics of the day, and the criticisms and suggestions which have been put forth are many. From all quarters it has been generally agreed that (1) the preparation of the prisoner for discharge from prison, should to some extent fortify him against the temptations to which a return to free life exposes him, and (2) the finding of suitable employment, and the encouraging of him in it, after discharge, are the most potent factors if the reformation of the criminal is to be something of real practical value.

A phrase which has become proverbial in France sums up the case briefly but clearly: "*Le difficile ce n'est pas emprisonner un homme, c'est de le relâcher.*" And a distinguished French authority says: "Our reform will be in vain if, at the moment of his liberation, the prisoner is thrown abruptly, and without support, face to face with all the difficulties of life and all the seductions of liberty."

The experience of every Catholic priest ministering to the wants of prisoners must point to this. How numerous are the cases where the prisoner has gone forth into the world with every honest intent to do well in the future; but alas! temptation in the first hour of his need has conquered—often, doubtless, from the lack of real serviceable help in his struggle with the world.

Are there not many failures among those who have not yet arrived at the prison stage? How much more so must it be with those who, cast off by friends, with character gone, and with only a weak nature to rely on, find themselves free at the prison gate without employment? The importance of this was fully recognized at the International Prisons Congress held at Paris in 1895, when the question was fully discussed; and Mr. Gladstone's Committee on Prisons, which reported in the same year, also drew attention to it. They complained of the want of uniformity among the existing Aid Societies, and recommended that the whole question should undergo inquiry. The Prison Commissioners, in their observations on this report, evinced their sympathy with the case and their realization of its importance. In accordance with their suggestion, an exhaustive inquiry into the methods of working of the various Aid Societies has been made by the Rev. G. P. Merrick, the chaplain of Holloway Prison, and his report has been lately presented to Parliament, and received much comment in the newspapers.

From the results of his inquiry we may well infer that much good can be done by a Society worked by Catholics and dealing with the cases of Catholic prisoners, although, as Mr. Merrick says, "there is no evidence that differences of creed influence in the slightest degree the committees of any of the Aid Societies in their administration of relief."

Here in England, the work of aiding prisoners on discharge has been in the hands of societies certified by the Secretary of State for the Home Department under the Act 25 and 26 Vic., cap. 44. Roughly speaking, there is one attached to each prison, and, however zealously and well they have worked, they have been unable to fully cope with their task, as the figures of recidivism and evidence from all quarters prove. In 1893, out of 151,462 convicted prisoners received into the prisons in England and Wales, no less than 75,867 had been previously convicted. In 1895—6 the number had risen to 85,726 out of 153,168; while the numbers who had been previously convicted three times and more rose in the same period from 43,683 to 50,832. These figures clearly show what room there still is for real reforming work. The difficulties of the Aid Societies have, no doubt, been and are great. Hitherto the State has exacted its pound of flesh, and then turned its victim over to private charity, having washed its hands clean by granting a sum of money, more or less small, as its final benediction. As to the future of that prisoner, it has not, seemingly, concerned itself. But such a state of things must change. We are now at the end of the nineteenth century, and pity claims and must receive its proper place. For these reasons, the treatment of prisoners after discharge is now the subject of much consideration.

In all reforming agencies the value of religion is recognized—a statement in which all good Catholics will thoroughly agree. In the present aid societies, the chaplains of the prisons have an important voice in the grant of aid; while religion is the keynote of all institutions devised for the rescue of the fallen. Near Paris the absence of religious education is, alas! being put to the test in a reformatory school under the management of the Superior Council of the Seine; but some very strong remarks were made at the International Prisons Congress against this extraordinary proceeding. On the other hand, it is pleasant to recall that in France, and other countries of the Continent, there are reformatory institutions entirely managed by Religious, and the results effected by them are

viewed with much admiration. Again, in Vienna, a prison for females is entirely in the hands of nuns. Female prisoners are sent there, and the discipline and management is left entirely to the good Sisters, with satisfactory effect. The great work done by the Church in this direction on the Continent is well known. Here in England, the historic past teems with the works of benevolence and charity which the Church wrought throughout the land. Before the "Reformation," no Poor Law system was needed, and, similarly, in Southern Europe to this day the Church is still the dispenser of all charity. During the modern growth of Catholicity in England, the Church has naturally had much to do in the founding of new missions and the building of churches. There are critics who say that this growth has now ended, and that the numerous conversions hardly keep our position up to a bare level. When we look around and see the leakage that is going on on all sides, we must feel that there is a stratum of truth in the allegation, and surely the time is now ripe for the Church to extend its preventive powers.

The formation of a society to assist Catholic prisoners on discharge has been freely discussed by the priests attending the prisons in London, and they are sanguine as to the results of such an undertaking. In carrying on such a work the Catholic Church is most favourably placed. The position of a priest with regard to the individuals of his flock may be described as unique in this country. To every Catholic who has dealings with him he is often the friend and counsellor on points of the most diverse character. This applies more especially to the poor. The position the priest holds among them is well known, and who better than he knows their failings and their wants? In a country where a religious body is in a minority, its religion is a bond of strength between its units. Disguise it you cannot—the growth of the Catholic Church in recent times, and the success attained by the various Dissenting bodies in this country, prove it. Again, we must remember that a very large proportion of our poorer Catholics are of Irish birth, living among what, unhappily, they so often regard as an alien race, and an appeal to their religious feelings from those possessing the same faith is calculated to carry the greatest weight. For these reasons, I submit that the establishment of a Catholic Aid Society for the assistance of Catholic prisoners would, by the strength of its essentially Catholic spirit,

be in a most favourable position to help those Catholics who have fallen, and who, lukewarm in their faith, would be so liable to remain in that state. But, in addition to the reasons I have presented, I would point out the great help which the organization of the Catholic Church could lend to the scheme. The priest of a prison can be in constant touch, and is in absolute accord, with the various priests throughout the country, while the work is exactly that which should receive the active support of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, whose Conferences are to be found in so many of our larger missions. Similarly the work ought to commend itself to the Third Order Secular of St. Francis, and to the many other kindred fraternities and associations which the world renowned charity of the Church has gathered around it, and which have been the envy and admiration of Macaulay and other non-Catholic writers.

Such, then, are the reasons advanced for the proposed undertaking, and the good results which may be anticipated from it. To carry it out, sound principles must, of course, be adopted. The groundwork of the plan, based on the deductions of Mr. Merrick's report and on the rules and working arrangements of existing Aid Societies, could easily be prepared. The Reformatory and Refuge Union, 32, Charing Cross, has issued several publications which might be of service. Among these may be mentioned, *Suggestions on the Formation of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies*, by T. L. Murray Browne, Esq., a well known authority, and *Hints on Aid to Discharged Prisoners*. Upon the definite formation of the society, the Home Secretary and the Prison Commissioners might be approached as to the favour with which the undertaking would be received. At present, all certified Aid Societies are, under certain conditions, and to a limited extent, subsidized by the Government. A sum of £1,500 is distributed among them, the amount paid to each Society being based on the numbers helped and the amount of voluntary subscriptions received. Under the Prison Charities Act of 1882, the revenues derived from ancient Prison Charities are, also, now devoted to the relief of prisoners on discharge; while a large portion of the gratuities allowed to prisoners are paid through the societies. These gratuities vary according to the length of sentence and the conduct of the prisoner. In the case of prisoners sentenced to ordinary imprisonment (*i.e.*, up to two years), the maximum, at present, is 10s. per head; in the case of prisoners sentenced to penal servitude (*i.e.*, three years

and over), from £3 to £6. Existing Aid Societies would, possibly, pay a capitation grant for all Catholic prisoners taken off their hands. To work the scheme a certain amount of money will be required; but, when we bear in mind the admirable work proposed, with its far-reaching results, the possibility of Catholics failing in their duty in this respect need not be seriously entertained.

× In the question, How to help the prisoners when they are taken under patronage? of course, lies the crux of the whole matter. Clearly, to find work for them is the great end. Employers of labour would have to be approached, and information obtained as to any large works being commenced in the various districts—especially where unskilled labour is required, for so many of the prisoners are labourers, without any trade at their fingers' ends. Suitable lodgings and homes would have to be found, and a list kept ready. The Church Army have recently founded many Labour Homes with great success, and their example might well be copied. If the practical sympathy of some of the Religious Orders could be gained, it would, indeed, be a great step. Many homes for girls and women are already in existence, under the care of various nuns, and from some of these a promise of practical help has already been received. But boys and men present the greatest difficulty. The most dangerous age for tendency to a criminal life is from seventeen to twenty. If some Order, *e.g.*, the Cistercians, would offer to receive a limited number of youths for agricultural work at their rural houses, who knows how many careers would be saved from total wreckage? In spite of a prejudice, which has been fostered here in England for three centuries, the grand work done by the great Religious Orders is still regarded with much admiration, and the work now suggested, if undertaken and successfully carried out by them, would again earn for them the gratitude of the whole community. Various Catholic institutions are already at work in London, arranging for the emigration, and so forth, of boys and young men, and their sympathy might also be gained; while the various Conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul could render invaluable aid in visiting the men after employment had been found for them, and in encouraging and helping them to keep to their pledges. This last point I hold to be a most important one. Not only is it work which properly falls within the scope of the Society, but the help the Brothers could give in visiting the men cannot be over-estimated. High-minded gentlemen as the Brothers are,

they are used to visiting the poor and have made friends with them. The experience thus gained is just what is wanted in the work proposed, and is what, I venture to think, is most lacking in the various Aid Societies now at work. The visits of the Brothers would bear no trace of official supervision, and would, therefore, not be resented by the individuals visited, while the value and charity of the work is incalculable.

As regards the numbers of prisoners to be dealt with, it is difficult to make any accurate estimate, as the religions of prisoners are not shown in the various Blue Books; but it appears from the Judicial Statistics that, in 1894, 877 males and 677 females of Irish birth were received on conviction into the London prisons. In these numbers those individuals who were convicted more than once in the year were counted each time they were received into prison, and many of the cases would be for very short periods, and help probably not required. On the other hand, there are many Catholics who are not of Irish birth. Perhaps the majority of the Catholics in London prisons are "London Irish." From Wandsworth Prison nearly a thousand Catholics are discharged yearly—a proportion of them being men who have committed some offence in the army, and have been sentenced to be discharged from the Service. The number which would come within the scope of the society would, therefore, be a large one—probably over 2,000 males and 700 females every year; and most of these weak creatures would be of the poorest, for I believe Mgr. Nugent, who for so many years laboured among the prisoners in Liverpool Prison, has said that an educated Catholic of any social position at all is a *rara avis* in prison.

I am aware that what is here put forward may be somewhat vague; but I think enough has been said to warrant the proposal being taken into the serious consideration of all Catholics. I feel convinced that much good will result from the work. Nothing can be more heart-rending than to witness our fellow-men and women slowly but surely travelling the road which leads to habitual crime, to the loss of their souls and all self-respect, unless it is to gaze on the fruitless efforts to escape of those who have reached the abyss, never to emerge from its horrors. To extend a helping hand to them is surely one of those works of Christian charity which the Church is continually placing before us. Ought we not to respond to the call, and go to the assistance of our weaker brethren?

ARTHUR J. WALL.

The Folkschauspiel at Brixlegg.

IN the October number of THE MONTH, of 1883, a most interesting account is given of the Passion Play at Brixlegg. Since then the enacting of the Passion Play has been revived to such an extent, that its novelty is almost worn out. Brixlegg has its neighbouring rival at Oberammergau; whilst similar representations may be seen in Belgium and in Switzerland. Perhaps it was this growing popularity and consequent loss of the primary object of the Passion Play that induced the good people of Brixlegg to change it for something which had the charm of novelty about it, and at the same time something which would meet with the approval of their leaders, the clergy. Certainly after their deep sense of religion, the predominant characteristic of the Tyrolese is their patriotism. So what better substitute could they have for their religious play than the representation of their fortunes under their heroes, Spechbacher and Hofer? This was just the thing, for, as the reader will see, it afforded them an opportunity of showing their love and devotion not only to the Fatherland, but also to holy religion under most trying circumstances. The change has been something more than a mere apology for the previous play—it has surpassed it in every respect. In all representations of a Passion Play, the same complaint has been made, namely, that many of the *tableaux* have been unnatural; nay, some, "Jonah and the whale," for instance, were downright ridiculous. Such was only to be expected when ordinary mortals tried to represent the supernatural. But in the *Folkschauspiel* all this overstraining is rendered unnecessary. Every scene and incident has been experienced by the Tyrolese themselves, and in the very district where they now move and live. And further, these peasants are ready to undertake the same exploits again, not merely on the stage, but in real life. The result of all this has been, that they have been able to produce a work of art far surpassing anything of the kind heretofore given.

The theatre is a large wooden construction, capable of seating about fifteen hundred people. It is built on the plan of any modern concert-hall, except that the ground floor slopes towards the back, and so everybody has a good view of the stage. The orchestra, which is a military band rather than a theatrical orchestra, is immediately in front of the stage, but is hidden from the audience by an arrangement of real plants and trees. The stage itself is divided into three compartments. In the centre one, which is the largest, the play takes place, whilst in the two side ones are representations of the home-life of the Tyrolese. The stage properties are nearly all natural—trees, rocks, agricultural implements converted into implements of war, old muzzle-loading guns, &c., whilst lime-light effects are obtained through the opening and closing of windows in different parts of the building. Of course this makes the success of the performance dependent on the weather. The persons who represent the different characters of the play have been so chosen, that their avocations in the world render them specially fitted to take their respective parts. The Speckbacher is the village blacksmith, the Hofer is a farmer, the French and Bavarian troops are young men who have performed their military service, while a young man who has been a colonel's servant in Innsbruck, is considered to be the best to fill the part of Lefebvre, the French general.

The story of Speckbacher is as follows: In the year 1805, as part of the great game which Napoleon was playing with King and Kaiser, by the Treaty of Presburg, Tyrol was annexed to Bavaria. The Tyrolese, who had always been so loyal to Austria, hated the Bavarian rule, and the signs of dissatisfaction, which were apparent on all sides, made it necessary to occupy the land with French and Bavarian troops. The feelings of the Tyrolese were so much outraged, that they began to look for an opportunity of ridding themselves of their intruders. The opportunity came in 1808, when Napoleon was engaged in the Peninsula. An insurrection was organized, and the Tyrol would again be subject to Austria. Feeling ran high, and to keep up the spirit national and patriotic songs were written and distributed. By the melting of the snow, 1809, everything was ready for the rising. The princes of the land were not to be trusted, and so Hofer, an inn-keeper and farmer, was chosen as leader. He took command particularly in Passayerthal. Speckbacher collected men and occupied the fields around Hall, whilst

the peasantry of Eisackthal chose for their leader Father Joachim Haspinger, a Capuchin friar. Thus Innsbruck, the capital, was surrounded on all sides, and by the morning of the 11th of April, the heights around the city were occupied by fifteen thousand armed peasants. On the next day they had driven in the Bavarian pickets and taken possession of the bridge and suburbs, and a day later the city was taken. The main body of French and Bavarians laid down their arms. The cavalry, however, had taken flight, but they were stopped and made prisoners by Speckbacher near Hall. The defeat of Napoleon's eagles struck panic in the enemy, and Kufstein only now remained in the hands of the French. With the varying fortune of war Innsbruck was retaken, and on the last day of July, Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic, rode into Innsbruck at the head of a French army. But the peasantry were reorganized again under Hofer, who was made Obercommandant of Tyrol. Along the Brenner route the French troops were beaten by the peasantry under command of the Capuchin. At Berg Isel twenty-five thousand French were defeated by eighteen thousand Tyrolese under Hofer, who made a second triumphal entry into Innsbruck. Again the scales of fortune turned, for the French and Bavarians had reorganized their armies, and reapproached and laid siege to the city. Hofer surrendered the town, and he himself disappeared. He was, however, discovered and sent to Mantua, where he was executed. The movements of Father Joachim were still further romantic. In his early days he had served in the campaign of 1796—99. And when his country required him again he was to the front, army chaplain and general combined. He always rode at the head of his company, fighting with a sword in one hand and a crucifix in the other. The French general offered him money and preferment in the Church if he would surrender. But he was not to be bribed thus. In the garb of a workman he escaped to Italy and there awaited more peaceful days, when he returned to his cure of souls in Lower Austria. Speckbacher was severely wounded and after many privations crawled to Vienna. Austria made intercession for him, and thus he escaped Napoleon's vengeance, and after some years died peacefully at Judenstein, near Innsbruck. Such is the story from which the scenes of the play are taken.

The introductory scene is placed in a wood near Spinges. A band of peasants is seen gathered together in great excitement.

News has arrived that the French are in the neighbourhood and are advancing quickly upon them. These reports are confirmed by the sound of a rifle shot, at which all are startled, and some prepare for flight. But Speckbacher keeps his presence of mind and in a stirring speech reminds them of their many privileges now at stake. He fails to win the confidence of all, and a few desert. A French officer appears, demanding their submission. Speckbacher receives him quite coolly and sends him back to the French general with the message that he is quite ready for battle. Then suddenly happens one of those interesting incidents which formed so important a feature in this campaign. The runaways have been met by a maiden, who stops them, constitutes herself their leader, and marches them back again to the rest. The scene closes with the *tableaux* representing the battle from the Tyrolese side, the female costume standing out boldly in the front, giving the final touch to the picture. "Follow me," cries the girl; "I will lead you to battle and to victory." The change of scene shows the field after the battle. The body of the maiden of Spinges, pierced through the heart, is held up as the central figure, while the peasants gather round and kneel in prayer for the soul of their heroine.

The first act opens with a typical scene of an Alpine farm-house. It is a square stone block with a large overhanging roof, the wooden tiles of which are kept in position by large stones arranged in regular lines. It is these houses with the stone-dotted roofs that give one of its characteristic features to the Tyrolean landscape. Over the door is painted a large picture of our Lady, and at the corner of the house hangs a lamp burning before a statue of the Good Shepherd. Seated at a table in front is a party of youths and an old man. The subject of their conversation is the movements of Bonaparte, and they are discussing and devising what each one must do. A French conscript recruiting party arrive, and all three have to undergo an examination. They are roughly handled, especially the old man, one French soldier actually pulls his beard to make sure that it is not just put on for the occasion. The daughter of the old man comes out and pleads on behalf of one of the young men to whom she is to be married next week, and who is the only hope of support for her father and herself. The officer is touched by her pleading and agrees to allow him to remain. The other, however, must join the ranks. The second scene represents a wood near the village of Hall,

and a meeting of the head men of the different valleys is being held. Hofer and Speckbacher make all the arrangements, each leader receives his orders, and all swear fidelity to the cause. Every one feels satisfied that the Dantziger will be vanquished in a few days. The next and last scene of this act is a farmhouse by the village green of Hall. Vinter Bartl, the peasant who lives in the house, is preparing to join the fight. He has already slung his old-fashioned rifle over his shoulder, and his leather bag containing his big powder flask hangs at his side. He has not yet got his last touch of war paint, and he calls to his wife Nanni to bring his crest of feathers. Nanni brings the crest and places it in his hat. The time has now come when they must part. The thunder of the French cannon is heard re-echoing through the hills. Nanni leans on the breast of her husband and asks must he really go. Bartl pleads the claims of the Fatherland, but these will not satisfy her, for she has just lost her father and now she must lose her husband. So he has nothing left but to recommend her to her only consolation. "If it is God's will that I must come home no more, then indeed we shall meet beyond the stars. Go, Nanni, pray that God may be on our side, and consolation from above will not fail us." He presses her once more to his breast, and then with an effort he rushes off. Nanni, with her handkerchief to her eyes, walks across the green and there goes down on her knees before the crucifix which stands at the crossways. While she is knelt in prayer, another parting takes place between a father and a son. Then the thunder of the cannon is heard again, which causes Nanni to break forth into a cry. "Oh, my God, my God, Thou who didst hang on the Cross, my God, give me strength to bear this. My God, give me a small, small part with Thy Mother, who suffered all things with Thee." The noise of the battle becomes greater. "O Holy Mother of God, help me, help me! thou who knowest what it is to be a mother." Now the storm-bell¹ is heard ringing, whereat the woman sinks at the foot of the Cross.

A French captain, all blood-stained, appears on the scene and demands to know the way to Schwaz. Nanni, on refusing to tell, is threatened with a pistol shot; but she is prepared to

¹ The storm-bell is a special bell, kept either at the town house or the parish church. On the approach of a storm it is rung as a supplication to God to avert any serious catastrophe, such as fire by lightning or loss of crops through the floods. It appears also to have been used on the approach of an enemy.

receive it, but she recognizes the officer as the one who freed her husband from the conscript, and so offers him shelter in her house. A party of Tyrolese arrive in pursuit, but they are put off the scent by Nanni, while the officer escapes in a suit of Bartle's clothes. The departure of the Tyrolese in the opposite direction, forms a fitting close to the first act.

In the first scene of the second act, the French and Bavarian generals are holding a conference in the town house at Innsbruck. They are waited on by several deputations from the Tyrolese, who are only dismissed without any consideration whatever.

This introduces the second scene which is perhaps the most picturesque of all. It is night in the forest on one of the mountains before Innsbruck. In the middle is a camp fire, to the right and left of which, the peasants are sleeping. Here and there are pyramids of their rifles and rustic weapons. In the background, on a tree-trunk, sits Hofer, examining a map of the country. Opposite to him is Speckbacher, and between the two is the old Capuchin, holding a torch. The three leaders are holding a council of war. After some discussion as to whether a certain place is Schwaz or Hall, they decide on their course of action. The morning breaks. The peasants are wakened and Father Joachim summons all to prayer. All kneel, and the usual morning prayers are said with a further appeal to Heaven to give them victory in the coming battle.

The next scene is the inside of the ramparts at Kufstein, but as the circumstances do not easily lend themselves to natural properties, the effect is not so successful as in the other scenes. However, it is only for a very short piece of business, a conference between Speckbacher and the Bavarian general, which being concluded, the curtain falls for the end of the second act.

For the opening of the third act, a village on the Brenner Pass is seen. In the middle of the village green is a draw-well, where an old peasant is sitting sharpening his scythe. From the right enters a young woman with a child in one hand and a water-pail in the other. "Grüss Gott," says the maiden. "Grüss Gott," replies Moidl, the old man, and the two fall to discussing the troubles of the war. From behind comes Father Haspinger with his cheery and familiar greeting, "Gelobt sei Jesus Christus," to which all answer, "In ewigkeit, Amen." Old and young press forward to shake hands with "Pater Joachim," the very little ones to kiss his hand. What news

has he brought? The French are coming again, gathering from all sides. The loving God presses them further to drink of the cup of sorrow, and will try them whether they are strong in the faith or no. The words of the priest enkindle fire in their hearts, and they will follow him whithersoever he wills. Again the good Father addresses them. "The Holy Father is now a prisoner of the ambitious and avaricious Napoleon, who himself is excommunicated and so shut out from all Christendom. But, without doubt, every Christian has a right to fight for the Church, and against this hated pest who would destroy the freedom of Tyrol. In the name of the Holy Father I bless you, and for each one who falls in this battle, I assure an eternal reward." All kneel and receive the blessing. Afterwards Hofer and Speckbacher arrive with their respective contingents, and all are formed into line and march off towards the Brenner. An old man and a few children are left to console themselves as best they may in the desolate village. The next three scenes are short ones and represent unimportant incidents in the campaign. One is the village of Hall on the return of the survivors from the last battle. The joy on the promotion of some of the peasants to positions of rank and dignity, is only clouded by the loss of those who have fallen in the battle. The other two represent the escapes of Speckbacher. The best piece of artistic work, however, is reserved for the last scene. It is the return of Speckbacher from his victory at Berg Isel, and the Capuchin from his victory on the Brenner. Tyrol is again Austrian, Father Joachim is again the centre of attention, and a prayer is offered for the brave Hofer, who has been sent to Mantua, there to be executed. The curtain falls, rising again after a few moments to disclose the final tableaux. The Austrian eagle forms the centrepiece, and around this are arranged the peasantry, each valley with its own peculiar costume, and forming the prettiest sight imaginable—Für Gott, Kaiser, and Vaterland.

Gilbert Franklin, Curate.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE MAJOR WON THE GAME.

MAJOR BELTON felt that he must succeed this time, or not at all. He could never hope for such another chance; it was phenomenal luck, as he said himself. The small-pox was simply the best thing that could happen—for him. As for a few common colliers who might die of it, and of his culpable neglect, they, of course, were of no account whatever. But interest in the poor colliers was a very good excuse for leaving Jericho Plains in a hurry. However suspicious the Archdeacon might be, he could never suspect any ulterior motive in that. Even Mrs. Boyes, who knew his possibilities better than any one else, except himself, really believed, for a time at all events, that the reason given was the real one. Her husband's sudden departure so soon after made her doubt, just a little. The excuse of a Board meeting to consider the small-pox might be rather too convenient and plausible, after all.

Then she fell to wondering what George could possibly have done—if he had really done anything—to make the Archdeacon leave so suddenly. But, for once in her life, she was obliged by circumstances which would not yield, even to her will, to exercise the new and unaccustomed virtue of patience, from Monday morning till Wednesday afternoon. Then she learned something which shocked her, little susceptible as she was to ordinary human emotions, not connected with herself or her husband.

A telegram was handed to her, and she read it :

From Archdeacon Boyes,	To Mrs. Boyes
Deanery, Alnwick, N.S.W.	Hobart Cottage, Jericho Plains, Tasmania.

Franklin's death in Tuesday's *Chronicle*. Break it gently to Edith. Shall take his place. Do not come home just yet.

Dead! and her husband shut up in the stricken district, exposed to danger, perhaps to death. The only human being she cared for except herself. Was he mad? she thought, half-angrily, half-sadly. Mad? Yes, with that madness which could make a hero out of a stout, elderly, commonplace Anglican Archdeacon, who loved comfort more than anything else in the world. Mad? possibly—but she was prouder of him than she had ever been before. Who would have deemed him capable of such heroism?

How should she break it to Edith? Franklin's death, and her father's danger? Would the one, in any measure, offset the other? Then another thought occurred to her, as by a natural sequence. Franklin dead, was out of the way. That was a self-evident fact, it may be said. Not necessarily so; his memory might, even yet, have proved an obstacle difficult of removal, had the Archdeacon been present to encourage Edith in her folly and obstinacy. He would have left in any case, of course, his holiday coming to an end. But the question was, "Would he have left quite so soon, if the news had come, say on Saturday?" Surely not; altogether, "how very lucky for George."

It was the inevitable deduction from her chain of reasoning: Franklin's death, the Archdeacon's opportune absence—"how very lucky for George." Which it certainly was. "Almost too lucky." Was that the thought of her own mind, or was it, as it were, an external suggestion, she could not tell whence? It certainly was involuntary, in its inception. Then the idea became more definite. It really was almost too lucky to be altogether accidental. That George would not stick at trifles in pursuit of his own ends, she was well aware. Could he, by any possibility have contrived this?

This what? She tried to think how he could possibly have done it. But she could not get to the bottom of it, try as she might. But the less she could understand it, the more, from her very nature, she became convinced that there was something in it. That being settled, the next step was plain enough; "I will tax him with it, point blank, when he comes back," she concluded grimly.

But she made up her mind to tell Edith, as if she had no vague, indefinable doubts, but was absolutely certain that things really were as they seemed to be. "It will serve my purpose, either way," she reflected. Which was as much as to imply that

if the Major had contrived it, so much the worse for him ; she would lay the blame on him, and go over, once for all, to the opposite party. No place-hunter, waiting for office, was ever more determined to change sides than she was, if George had done anything. If the story were true, and George were innocent, why, it would be just as well to break it to Edith, and get it over before he came back. If Franklin was really dead, and the Archdeacon absent for about a month, she and George would have everything their own way. How could Edith be obstinate under such circumstances ?

How she broke the news to Edith, and how Edith bore it, what need is there to tell ? Dead ! her mother *knew* nothing of their love, whatever she might guess ; her father was far away from her. Even though she wrote to him, what good would that do ? He was dead, and her heart was dead with him ! Why should she let any one know now ? Least of all, her mother, who was only mother in name. Dead ! that was all she could think of.

To return to the Major, which will supply all necessary explanation.

Mr. Gardner, editor of the *Alnwick Chronicle*, was sitting in his office on Monday afternoon, the 15th, finishing, for the next day's paper, a glowing article on the small-pox. He, together with the rest of the world of Alnwick, so strict were Dr. Turner's regulations, knew little more than the bare fact of its existence. There were unhealthy slums in Alnwick, as well as in Gateshead, such as seem inseparable from all large cities. They are, from the very nature of the case, more dangerous in a seaport town than anywhere else. So the barrier, thanks to Dr. Turner, the mayor, and the chief of police, was really effectual ; there was not a single case of small-pox in the worst slums of Alnwick, but nobody knew what was going on in Gateshead. But the small-pox was excellent editorial matter ; he could discuss, freely and fully, the necessity of rebuilding Gateshead, at the expense of the ratepayers, of course, having every possible reason for being on the side of the Company. Also of rebuilding the slums of Alnwick, at whose expense he did not say. Alnwick ratepayers were influential citizens, who subscribed to the *Chronicle*, it would never do to offend them. The ratepayers of Gateshead, if there were any (as a matter of fact, the Company was almost sole owner, and the editor knew (it were only "common colliers," as Major Belton would say.

A knock at the door.

"Come in," said the editor, with official dignity.

"How do you do, Gardner?" said the Major, with immense condescension. The editor's official dignity had vanished utterly and suddenly, to be instantly replaced by humblest deference and attention. If Mr. Gardner was the editor, Major Belton was the owner, in virtue of a mortgage over the whole property. Not a man to be trifled with, as many people knew. Gardner was perfectly aware of the fact that the Major could, and would foreclose, at a day's notice, if he chose to do so. No wonder the Major found Gardner an obliging and useful friend.

"How do you do, Major Belton? Happy to see you, sir." Gardner tried to look as if he really meant it. The Major did not care whether he did or not.

"What about the small-pox?" The Major could approach his subject gradually, when it suited him. There was no use in being too abrupt, even with a tried and trusty friend. Moreover, the editor of the *Chronicle* was just the man by whom any credit the Major might gain by his "interest in the colliers," would certainly be considered, and made the property of the general public. That is to say, that "a visit of most interested inquiry from the able and kindly manager of the Gateshead Colliery" would be sure to figure, very prominently, among the "items" in the next day's paper. There is nothing like gaining credit with as many people as possible, especially when you can do so as cheaply and as easily as Major Belton did.

"Bad, sir," was the answer, "very bad." Gardner, as already said, knew nothing whatever about it. But the editor of the *Alnwick Chronicle* was not a man to confess ignorance, particularly when the owner asked him a question.

"Likely to spread in Alnwick?"

"Oh, no, sir, no," replied Gardner, even more confidently; perhaps he felt that he was on safer ground. At least, he knew what he was talking about, which is always an advantage. "They are shut in by a barrier," he continued, by way of explanation, "that's Dr. Turner's doing."

"Humph!"—the Major had no particular fondness for Dr. Turner. Had Gardner been aware of that fact, he would have given the credit to the Major—perhaps to himself. He wondered, anxiously, what could have annoyed the Major.

"How do you communicate with them?" asked the Major,

in a pleasanter tone, after about a second's pause, and Gardner felt relieved.

"Leave all letters outside the barriers, sir," returned the editor.

"Where is it? I should like to see it."

"At the entrance to High Street, Gateshead, Major," was the answer.

"Thank you, good-day, Gardner."

"Good-day, Major Belton." And the editor sat down to concoct an item about the visit, in which he hinted, with the utmost delicacy, that the manager had left the office to visit the barrier, doubtless with the intention of contributing to the Relief-Fund Box with "the generosity that distinguishes him." Which is only another proof, if proof be needed, of how very easy it is to gain credit in this world.

The Major was not a man to drop a link out of his chain, however unimportant it might seem in itself. Outside the *Chronicle* office, out of possible hearing, he called a cab.

"Drive to the small-pox barrier," he said, as he got in.

The man did so, and the Major got out. "I have an appointment with Dr. Turner—from a distance; he generally comes to the barrier about this time," he said, quite naturally. Besides, why should a cabman doubt the word of the manager of the Gateshead Colliery Company?

The man, evidently intended for a courtier, answered promptly: "Yes, sir, he does." But the Major put him down for an unmitigated liar. Politeness is apt to be misunderstood.

Several minutes passed; then the Major looked at his watch, gravely. Then up the narrow street, as if anxiously expecting the doctor.

"Dr. Turner has been delayed, I am afraid."

The cabman-courtier, not knowing the Major's real opinion of him, returned, as promptly as before: "Yes, sir, I'm afraid so."

The Major waited a few minutes more; then looked, as before, at his watch, and up the street. "Well, I can't wait," he said, as if reluctantly, "drive back to the *Chronicle* office."

"Yes, sir;"—courtier as he was, the man was thinking of possible infection, not knowing any better, and was glad to get away.

"Bad news, Gardner," he said, with voice and manner quite in keeping, as he re-entered the editor's office.

"What is it, sir?" asked Gardner, who was a more accom-

plished courtier than the cabman. Doubtless from longer training, or for more cogent reasons. His face and manner were almost as perfectly in keeping as the Major's own. Yet the Major did not put him down as an unmitigated liar. Possibly, the flattery of imitation pleased him—in the right person.

"Mr. Franklin died last Friday," answered the Major, with the sadness of a man who has lost a very dear friend. "Dr. Turner told me, just now," he added, quite as a matter of course. It was absolutely convincing; Mrs. Boyes herself would not have doubted him.

"What! did you see him, sir?" The editor was lost in admiration of the Major's heroic conduct. Really, he must expand that "visit item" into an editorial—which he did. Everything seemed to be in the Major's favour.

"Yes, from a distance," was the reply. "I had to see him about my poor colliers, you know. I was told"—the Major did not trouble to say by whom; why indeed invent when there was no necessity for it?"—"that he generally came to the barrier for medicine about the time I got there." Surely the Major was a romancer of no ordinary ability lost to a world which would, no doubt, have appreciated him as he deserved.

"How good of you, sir," said Gardner, with a sincerity that did him credit; "shall I put a notice in to-morrow's paper?" he asked.

It was a risk, and the Major knew it. But the truth could not come out—"until it's all right," as he expressed it. And then? Everybody would say—Nothing; for the best of all possible reasons in each particular case. So he answered, quietly:

"Please, and charge it to me. Good-day, Gardner." He turned to go, then a thought seemed to strike him, before the editor had finished his return salute.

"Oh! by-the-bye, Gardner," he said.

"Yes, sir, what is it?"

"You might write something pleasant for his friends: heroism, regret, that sort of thing, don't you know." The Major was marvellously natural.

"Yes, sir," answered the editor, "I know. Who performed the funeral, if I may ask?"

Again a risk—well, it was only part of the game. "Dr. Turner," was the reply. It was the first that occurred, and,

when he came to think of it, the most probable one. His genius for romance was improving with practice.

That was the simple and effectual way in which the Archdeacon's possible doubts were finally removed—for the present. That he himself—that is, the Archdeacon—should also be temporarily deprived of any power of interference, was an extra and unexpected piece of pure luck for which the Major was duly grateful. That his ally, Mrs. Boyes, could, by any possibility suspect him, in this most brilliantly successful manœuvre, never entered his head. He held the winning cards in his hands now, he reflected complacently, he would play the game out quickly, that was very certain. She had not been able to help him hitherto, but she could render him most valuable assistance now. And she should, or he would know the reason why.

"What did you go to Alnwick for?" inquired Mrs. Boyes, speaking, by an effort, in a matter-of-fact tone of voice. But he detected the effort, and it put him on his guard. Was it possible that she suspected him after all? Well—let her; it could make no difference to him. It was *impossible* for her to prove it. And the credit of it, he was quite willing to forego, under the circumstances.

"To attend a Board meeting about the small-pox," he answered, quite calmly. But he dimly felt that there was trouble coming. So he armed himself with his favourite weapon, a cigar. A puff of tobacco smoke is as effectual as a lady's veil for hiding an involuntary facial expression. That, he knew by experience. He had wonderful command over every muscle and nerve of his face, but the best of us are weak at times, and a veil, or tobacco smoke, will relieve the strain.

"Then you know the news?" she returned, her half-formed suspicion partially lulled by his imperturbable self-possession.

"About Franklin's death?" he said, with an indifference which shocked her, but which was, undoubtedly, a point in his favour. It was so exactly what she expected. "Yes, I saw it in the *Chronicle* of Tuesday." This was strictly and literally true. "Sudden, wasn't it?" he concluded, as if speaking of an ordinary trifle.

She saw that he was getting the better of her; she must keep to her resolution, and "tax him with it, point-blank." It was now or never.

"George Belton," she said, without warning; "is he really dead?"

He was startled this time, and she saw it. It was only natural that he should be, by such an extraordinary and unexpected question. But suspicious as she was of him, she interpreted his astonishment as a proof of the truth of her charge.

"What the devil do you mean?" he retorted, sharply; it was no time for politeness.

"I mean that it is just a little *too* convenient to be accidental," she returned, sarcastically.

"What is?"—his innocence was really charming, or infuriating, as it happened to be taken.

"Franklin's death, and his going away," was her reply; "his" referring to the noun-substantive, "Archdeacon," understood.

"Is it really?" He had regained his self-possession this time, and spoke with a sneer which maddened her. Possibly, that was what he intended.

"Yes, really," she answered, trying hard to control herself; "and if I thought——"

"Thought what?" he interrupted her before she had time to finish.

"Thought you had anything to do with it, I would——"

Again he did not allow her to complete the sentence. "Would what?" he inquired, with a politeness which was more galling than any rudeness could have been.

"I would throw you over, once for all," she snapped, now quite beyond herself.

"Go on and do it," he replied, in the same sneering tone. "Produce your future son-in-law, if you can."

She felt that she was degrading her very womanhood by continuing so unbecoming an altercation, to say nothing of her position as "Mrs. Archdeacon." She did at last, what she ought to have done sooner, left the room.

The Major breathed more freely. It had been a combat *à outrance*; but he was victor in the fray, for the enemy had fled. "She'll come to her senses presently," he mused; he had plenty of experience to give weight to his opinion. Thereupon, his cigar having gone out, he threw it away, and lit a fresh one. Then strolled out on to the verandah. He had defied her by smoking in the house; having got decidedly the best of the

encounter, he could afford to be generous. Moreover, it was cooler out of doors.

He smoked his cigar out this time, and enjoyed it thoroughly; giving himself up, at the same time, to anticipations of a near future, which, to judge by his face, were decidedly pleasant ones. By the time he had smoked another cigar, he felt ready to forgive Mrs. Boyes, even without an apology on her part. Then he took out a cablegram received that morning, forwarded from Alnwick by Simpson. It contained only one word: "Certainly;" but he was evidently satisfied. It was the answer to his letter to the directors, written just before he first left Alnwick, applying for leave of absence on a marriage tour. That was when he had expected to have everything his own way. There had been a hitch, no doubt; the odds against him had been heavy; as his rival held very good cards. But that rival—to continue the metaphor—had left the table; the game was his now. That cablegram meant, "Certainly, take what leave you want." Truly, he was a lucky man.

An hour passed; then he heard a step on the verandah; Mrs. Boyes, of course. To use the Major's expression, she had "come to her senses" with an expedition that did her credit. She had thought it over, and had arrived at a most sensible conclusion. Franklin was dead; so Edith believed—Mrs. Boyes did not include herself, but left it an open question. He had very nearly spoilt everything; fortunately not quite. Now he was dead; and that was an end of him and his interference with her plans. More than that, the Archdeacon was away, out of reach; that is, out of her way, and out of Edith's reach. The next conclusion was easily reached: "How clever of George." There was no harm done; Edith would be cured of her folly, that was all. If George had contrived it—which she actually began to doubt now, it was altogether *too* clever not to be accidental—it was really, you know, very shocking—of course; but not to be wondered at, when you came to think of it. Why should George give way to a strange young man? George had loved Edith since she was a child; it was an understood thing. It was really a piece of impertinence in that young Franklin to presume to make love to a girl who was, to all intents and purposes, engaged—so Mrs. Boyes concluded, from what premisses, she only knew. But he was dead. Very convenient, no doubt; but dead, certainly. Was it not in the *Alnwick Chronicle* and in the *Sydney Morning*

Herald? Of course he was dead; George could never have contrived anything half so clever. It was a pity she had ever allowed him to suspect that she thought such a thing was even possible.

"Enjoying your cigar, George?" she inquired, in a matter-of-fact tone, sitting down in the chair which he had drawn forward for her.

He was half amused, half annoyed at her coolness—school-boys call it "cheek;" but it suited his purpose to keep her in a good humour.

"Very much," answered the Major, quietly. Then, changing his tone and expression, and throwing away his cigar—"What about Edith?" he asked, sympathetically; "how did she take the news?"

"Of Franklin's death? With unnatural calmness, *if* she cared for him." Mrs. Boyes had by this time fully persuaded herself that Franklin was dead, and spoke with becoming gravity. The Major, luckily for his vanity, being unaware of the fact, gave her more credit than she deserved for her powers of acting. It was all right, so long as she was pleasant.

"Will she marry me, do you think?" Luck was on his side just now; there was time enough, but not too much—a month at the most, possibly less. It was the 20th of March; the small-pox had lasted a fortnight already.

"Yes," was her almost unexpected answer; "*I think so.*"

It was more than he had ventured to hope for so soon. Evidently, now that she was able to help him, her assistance would be invaluable. "How did you manage it so soon?" he asked.

"I knew there was no time to lose," returned Mrs. Boyes, "so I told her yesterday that you loved her."

"Yes?"—eagerly, "and what did she say to that?" Really, she was an ally worth having.

"Nothing." She had no wish to spare his feelings, so added, "Only shuddered." It was perfectly true; but it was neither flattering to the Major's vanity nor encouraging to his hopes. But Mrs. Boyes had various little scores to settle with her nephew, and, being human, was not likely to miss such an opportunity.

"What then?" he asked, after a pause, in which he felt strongly tempted to have recourse to another cigar. His tone was much less eager this time. No doubt she felt better, in consequence.

"I told her Franklin was dead," resumed Mrs. Boyes, "that, even *if* she cared for him, she could not marry him *now*."

"Appealed to her pride, in fact. Yes; what did she say to that?"

"Just turned deadly pale, and answered, quite quietly, 'It doesn't matter now; do as you like.' Almost too quiet to be natural; but she's very proud."

"Shall I speak to her?" he inquired anxiously. Truth to tell, he did not look forward to *that* part of it, having some little compunction left—not enough to change his purpose, but sufficient to make him reluctant to ask her just yet.

"Not yet," she answered; "leave it to me for a bit."

It was exactly what he wanted, so he said, promptly and heartily, "Delighted, my dear aunt; nobody could manage better than you."

True or false, the compliment pleased her. "You'll find it so, George," she returned very graciously, "I can assure you."

"I am quite content," he rejoined, in a manner to correspond. He had won, then, he thought to himself. His first move had miscarried, the second was to succeed beyond his expectations; for was not the Archdeacon effectually disposed of?

Edith was, as her mother had said, apparently quite calm, "almost too calm to be natural." In truth, she was stunned; she hardly realized yet what had happened. Dead! without a word of farewell—not even a letter to tell her he was going into danger. As a matter of fact, the Archdeacon had kept that letter, not wishing her to know about the small-pox sooner than necessary. Dead! And her mother wanted her to marry Cousin George. How could she, so soon?

Her pride came to her aid, or rather to her undoing. Had she told her mother the truth about Franklin, she *might* have gained at least a respite until her father's return. But how could she tell her mother, of all people? That is enough to show how they stood to each other; her mother was mother in name, and nothing more; between her and Edith, or between Edith and her, confidence was simply impossible. And her father, her best friend—to whom she told all her love, all her hopes, as happier girls tell loving mothers—was beyond her reach. What use to write to him? He could not help her. And "he" was dead! Who could sympathize with her? Where could she find a mother's love and pity?

It needed only that to lead her on just one step further. She knew that "Romanist" women sought comfort, sympathy, and help from the Crown of spotless Womanhood, the Mother of Sorrows, the Mother of the God-Man. It was what "he" had taught her; it would bring her nearer to him, even now; for was he not dead, and close to her whom he had taught her to love and reverence? She had never fully understood before; she understood now.

How could she speak to her? she wondered; in what words? How could she hear her? "God will let her know," she thought, remembering what "he" had told her, that day when they were so happy, that day that seemed so long ago. Then she thought of his translation from *Faust*; strange that she had not remembered it sooner. But that one thought, "He is dead," had seemed to swallow up all other consciousness.

The paper was near her heart; had "he" not given it to her? Was she not his? Had he not written it for her that day? It was the cry of a sorrowful woman, in her hour of need, to the Perfect Woman, the tender, sorrowful Mother. She was sorrowful, too, with a sorrow there was none to share. The words would fit her need:

Oh, full of grief, for my relief
Turn thou thy gracious face to me,
In bitter need of mine;
With sword transfixion
In deep affliction
Look'st thou on that dead Face Divine.

Even the words that "he" had written were not enough. She bowed her head over the paper, staining it with her tears, and sobbed out from her very heart: "Mother of Jesus, my Mother, pity me and comfort me." Then sobbed herself to sleep.

"Edith," said her mother, two days afterwards, "what am I to say to Cousin George? He loves you very dearly."

"Does he?" she answered, speaking bravely and naturally by an effort which she only knew—"poor Cousin George!"

She only knew him as the elderly, good-natured cousin he had always appeared to her to be; very kind, very attentive, very pleasant company. "But why had he written that cruel anonymous letter?" she thought; then "perhaps he didn't write it after all; perhaps——"

Oh, no! it couldn't be *true*; some wicked girl must have

written it, jealous of *his* devotion to her. Her dead hero, her own lover, was all her own now; she could love him always, without doing wrong; no one could be jealous of her love for him, because he was dead. But he had been hers always; no other girl had any share in his love; but some girl had envied her happiness and sent that letter; never kind, easy-going Cousin George.

Her faith in the Major is her only excuse. She had liked him well enough ever since she could remember. She only knew him as he chose to be known—kind, generous, honourable, easy-going. Her father must have been mistaken; Cousin George could never have been so cruel. And he loved her; that she had known for some time; perhaps had “he” not come into her life, she might in time have cared for Cousin George enough to marry him. Why not marry him, after all? “He” was dead; then, again came pride for her undoing; the world should never say she pined for one whom she had only known a week. It was not strength, but weakness; but she did not seem to care.

Her mother did not interrupt her reflections. She was cautious, for once in her life—so much depended on it. Never again would circumstances be so favourable as they were now; it must be at once, or not at all. The Archdeacon would be angry, very angry, there could be no doubt about that, but he could not undo it; and both for his own sake as well as for Edith's, he would say as little as possible. He got angry sometimes when she tried him too much, but he always gave in, in the end. He would be sure to do so in the present instance. Franklin was dead—Mrs. Boyes had reasoned herself, by some inexplicable process, into genuine belief of that fact by this time—how could Edith do better, in any way, than marry George?

“Yes,” continued Mrs. Boyes, after a pause, “he is so sorry for you, so sympathetic.”

That was a mistake, as Mrs. Boyes realized in a moment.

“Why should he be?” demanded Edith, coldly, almost sternly.

“He thought you——” Mrs. Boyes stopped short, for the first time in her experience at a loss what to say. She was very anxious—contrary to her usual custom—*not* to give offence.

“What business has he to pity me?” resumed Edith, indignantly.

Mrs. Boyes had an inspiration—at least, she always believed that it was. “It is only because he loves you, Edith,” she said, more gently than her daughter had ever heard her speak. Edith was touched—as Mrs. Boyes intended that she should be.

“Does he? Poor Cousin George!” she said, more quietly.

“What am I to say to him?” asked her mother, still with the same unusual, but most effective, gentleness of tone.

“Say what you like,” answered Edith. What could anything matter now? Why should Cousin George be unhappy, because her own heart was dead? So, between pride and pity—and despair, she sold herself into the most unutterable bondage that can fetter man or woman—a loveless marriage. “Only promise me one thing,” she added.

“What is it?” asked her mother, ready to promise anything, now that she had won.

“Cousin George is to say nothing to me till—then”—Edith shuddered, faintly—“and you and he are to settle everything.”

“Certainly, dear,” said Mrs. Boyes, more gently than ever, and this time the gentleness was real. She was *almost* sorry for her daughter, for she knew the Major as he really was—or something like it. But Edith would be Lady Belton some day; Franklin was dead; her husband would be more submissive than ever when Edith was gone, and he came to see how she always had her way in the end. Last, but by no means least, George would be sure, quite, quite sure, never to say anything about Brother Jack. How could he, in common decency?

So the notice was sent to the *Alnwick Chronicle*, for whom it might interest; and the happy pair started on the honeymoon, for which, like a prudent man, the Major had obtained leave of absence before he proposed to Edith—through Mrs. Boyes.

CHAPTER XIV.

RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

FRANKLIN struggled slowly back to life again. He had no wish to live; joy, peace, and hope seemed gone from his life for ever, along with human love. But, if God so willed it, let it be so, he thought reverently; he could now be a priest indeed, with no thought of earthly happiness. A priest, wholly given up to God. Who could tell what he might do for the cause of Catholic truth in the Church he loved so dearly?

The first face he had recognized had been the Archdeacon's ; then Dr. Turner's ; then Father O'Brien's ; then those of his two friends, Mr. and Mrs. Blakesley. There had been many prayers said for his recovery, by sturdy Protestant matrons, by self-sacrificing Catholic nuns, by grimy, hard-working colliers, who had scarcely known what prayer meant until "our parson," as they loved to call him, lay sick to death. And "our parson" was getting well again.

"Thank God ! you'll soon be all right again," said Dr. Turner, cheerily ; "you've had a hard time of it, young man, but you're well over it now."

"Thank you, doctor," answered Franklin, warmly. He must seem grateful, after all ; learn, please God, to be thankful—if he could. The doctor could not know how he longed to die, and be at peace. But perhaps the Archdeacon guessed it from what he knew.

"Courage," he said, gently, taking the young man's hand in his own. He had trouble to bear himself, but he knew that his was as nothing compared to Franklin's sorrow.

"It is true, then ?" whispered Franklin, too weak to say any more.

"Yes," was the grave answer, "it is true, and you must be brave for her sake." The Archdeacon felt that he could make no stronger appeal to Franklin's nature.

"For her sake—why ?" asked Franklin. Of course, it was quite natural that Edith's father should try to lessen her falsehood, but he felt that he must ask why.

"They told her you were dead," was the reply ; "she was simply stunned ; felt that there was nothing to live for ; believed in his honourable, kindly nature"—the irony was almost cruel in its bitterness—"and *I* was here ! Will you be brave, with me, for *her* sake ?"

"I will, so help me, God." Franklin held out his hand, and the compact was made. Then the Archdeacon left him for a time, and he lay back on his pillows—to think.

All his old difficulties came back to him, now that the battle was over, and he was too weak, in body and mind, to contend against them. He tried to banish them, but could not. Well, he would banish them, as once before, in active work. Was he not a priest now, bound, by the most sacred of all obligations, to the work that he had undertaken ? He thought of the words of comfort and of absolution spoken by the bedside of the

dying ; of the sacred ministrations rendered ;—how could it all be a lie ? His work, his feelings, his most intimate convictions told him he must be a priest indeed. But, with all his convictions, the difficulties remained. Let the work begin again, and they would surely vanish.

Some time later, about the beginning of May, the *Alnwick Chronicle* contained, in its Saturday edition, the following intimation, under the heading of "Church Notices" :

St. Peter's Cathedral: Preacher at the Morning Service, the Venerable Archdeacon Boyes. Evening: the Rev. Gilbert Franklin. Collections in aid of the sufferers in the late small-pox epidemic.

Major and Mrs. Belton had just returned from their honeymoon, spent in New Zealand, Victoria, and South Australia. Edith loved travelling, and Major Belton knew it, so he wisely gratified her fancy as fully as possible. She would find out the truth, or some part of it, soon enough, he thought ; he was considerate, attentive, devoted, all that she had expected Cousin George would be, and even more. Let him but gain her confidence, he said to himself, and not even the truth would make her suspect him. That anonymous letter had been a blunder, certainly ; but Edith never could have really believed that he had written it. If she had—well, not even the Major's inordinate vanity could persuade him that, in such a case, Edith would have ever consented to marry him. This newspaper business was absolutely safe ; who could possibly betray him ? Not Gardner ; he did not even know—the Major chuckled over his own shrewdness—that there was anything to betray. It is just as well, sometimes, not to allow even the most useful friend to know too much. The Archdeacon ? Whatever he might suspect, for Edith's sake he would say nothing. The thing was done—what good could any talking do ? It could not alter facts. Herein, as already seen, the Major was perfectly correct. The Archdeacon simply could not say anything.

But it was unfortunate, to say the least of it, that the *dénouement* should have come as it did. He was prepared to announce to her at dinner, with his face well under command, the astonishing news of the mistake about that noble young fellow, Franklin. He could afford to be generous now. The Archdeacon had not written. "Let her enjoy herself while she can," he had thought sadly. It might be mistaken kindness, but it had been kindly meant. Bad news travels fast enough.

So the Major fully expected to have everything his own way. He had been lucky so far ; why not in this as well ? Perhaps he trusted too implicitly to his luck ; possibly he expected too much. How could any man be prepared for every possible contingency ? How could the manager of the Gateshead Collieries suspect danger in a Church Notice ? No wonder he was taken unawares, in spite of all his experience, caution, and carefully-laid plans.

Edith stared at the paper like one in a dream ; stopped short in what she was saying about an expected visit from her father, who would arrive in Alnwick that evening. The Major looked up from his chop—he was polite to his wife at all times, but, at meal-times at all events, his attention was about equally divided between her and his plate. The balance, if any, was in favour of the latter ; his wife's conversation was something he could enjoy at any time, but his food was worse than lost if it were suffered to grow cold. But the sudden break in what she was saying attracted his notice ; her deadly pallor startled him. What could have happened ? Then, all at once, a wave of angry colour flushed over her face and neck. She rose from her chair, walked round the table, and, holding the paper in her hand, said, in a low, cutting tone, which seemed to sting him like a lash, " You mean, contemptible liar ! "

The language was far from lady-like, as she fully realized, even in the moment of using it ; but short of an actual lash, vigorously applied, Edith's feelings could not, so it seemed to her, find adequate expression. Janet Heryot, being a spitfire, had used her fan with most astonishing effect—this was something that left it nowhere.

The Major stared at her. Had she gone mad ? What could she have seen in the paper ? But, being a man, his feelings found masculine vent.

" What the devil do you mean ? " he burst out angrily, startled out of his usual self-possession and any faintest semblance of politeness.

" He is not dead, and you knew it," she said, still in that strange, cold voice. All her father's warnings came back to her, and she made the accusation at a venture. If he denied it—no matter how indignantly—she might still have some little faith in Cousin George, in *her husband*. If not—God help her ! No human help, not even her father's, could avail her.

" He ? Who ? " he demanded, sharply. He had recovered

himself a little, and possibly gained time. He knew now perfectly well what was the matter.

"Gilbert Franklin," returned Edith, almost in a whisper; was he going to deny it, after all?

It certainly seemed like it. For some seconds, he did not answer. It might be honest indignation that held him silent; it might be some new lie that he was concocting. She would soon know. The thoughts passed swiftly through the minds of each. Her thought was, "Will he deny it? Can I trust him if he does?" His: "What shall I say?" Had it not been so sudden, he might, even yet, have denied it; might even—thanks to the imaginary character with which Edith had invested "Cousin George," a character confirmed, so far, since their marriage—have persuaded her that he had really believed the newspaper report.

As it was he was too much startled, and, consequently, too furious to be cautious. "Of course I knew it," he said, with a sneer, "all's fair in war, my lady, *and you are my wife.*"

"God help me!" she whispered, faintly, "what shall I do?" This coarse-tongued, lying bully was her husband! Cousin George had never really existed; only in her imagination. She had been tricked into irreparable bondage—by a lie! Her father absent, her mother deceived—that her mother knew, Edith refused to believe—herself heart-broken, yet too proud to own it, to appeal to her mother's sympathy. Well, her pride was sufficiently punished. This liar, this scoundrel, was her husband, until . . . She put the thought from her as a direct suggestion of the devil. He was her husband.

And "he?" What must he think of her? She knew she must not dwell on that thought either. But there was one ray of comfort, if it were right to accept it, seeing it was all her own fault. So it seemed to her, and she did not spare herself. Her father knew the truth, her father would tell "him." Then, suddenly, she remembered that, sooner or later, they must meet. "God help me," she said again; "God help us both." This thought also she resolutely put from her, while she was still able to do so. And again she whispered, utterly unconscious, for the moment, of her husband's presence, "God help me!"

He was watching her keenly, but pretended not to hear. He thought she was taking it very quietly, and congratulated himself that it was well over. Had he understood her better, he would have known that, like the Archdeacon, she took every-

thing very quietly; though, unlike the Archdeacon, she could act for herself, when there was need. He was too fond of peace; long submission had, possibly, weakened his powers of resistance. Edith submitted too, that was her duty to her mother's authority. But the submission was only external; her whole soul revolted against the petty tyranny. The training helped her now, as she could never, until now, have believed possible. She seemed to submit; the Major, knowing nothing of her thoughts, was perfectly content. He finished his breakfast, and went to his office. That was over, anyway, he thought complacently. He had expected a "scene" à la Mrs. Boyes; she had been perfectly quiet. "She does not really care for him," he said to himself, confidently. And though luck had *very nearly* gone against him that morning, he still believed in that luck, as firmly as ever.

But luck; if luck it were, had another unpleasant experience in store for him, soon after he reached his office; an interview not quite so likely to issue favourably. He could, at the worst, have bullied Edith into silence, as his wife she could not revolt, for her own sake.

"Deputation of colliers to see you, sir," said Simpson, the clerk, looking respectful, and not amused, by an effort of facial muscles that did him credit. He knew "the old man was in for it, hot and heavy"—that was how he expressed it to himself—but his tone and manner were deferential as usual, and his face void of any definite expression.

"Show them in." The Major realized that the episode with Edith, though it had passed off, after all, much more satisfactorily than he could have expected, had somewhat ruffled his temper. He controlled himself at first, however.

"What do you want?" he asked, quite naturally, when the men came in.

"An increase of wages," answered the spokesman, somewhat surprised at the manager's most unusual mildness, as were his two companions and Simpson. The clerk, if not the others, wondered "what the old man was driving at."

"How much?" inquired the Major, with a bland politeness which was really astonishing. Simpson, who knew him best, thought that he must mean mischief. The colliers did not quite understand it, but it encouraged them.

"Twopence on the ton," was the reply.

"On what grounds—what reason do you give?" Had the

Major been speaking to an earl, or to one of the all-powerful directors, he could not have been more polite. This time, Simpson was puzzled ; the colliers saw success already obtained.

"On account of the small-pox," returned the spokesman. It seemed, to him and to his mates, a most sufficient and convincing reason. They had lost work, and lives that were dear to them, because the Company had neglected the drains ; was it not only just that the Company should make some kind of compensation ?

"Very well, I'll write to the directors." The Major was as polite as ever.

They had evidently expected this very answer ; and it was just possible that their respectful, quiet manner, like the Major's politeness, was not quite genuine.

"Won't do, sir," said the spokesman, a little more loudly, and a little less respectfully, this time.

"Won't do? what the devil do you mean?" The politeness was gone, all at once ; Major Belton was his real self again. "A manager," he would have said ; "a tyrant," his colliers would have called him. Simpson thought him a fool to change his tactics at this point of the game. So differently, as already remarked, do different people regard the same thing, or the same person.

"I mean," answered the collier, losing his temper in turn, as might have been expected, "that *you* are responsible——" He got no further.

"For your dismissal for insolence," the Major interrupted him, "certainly. You are all three dismissed." He took some money out of his pocket, counted it hastily. "There are your wages," he said, sharply, "now go."

The men, for a reason known, probably, to themselves, obeyed in silence. Once more, the Major took apparent submission for real. "Only needs firmness to deal with these fellows, Simpson," he said, complacently.

"Certainly, sir," answered Simpson, prompted thereto by duty, and self-interest. To himself he said : "What a fool the old man is." Possibly he was not far wrong.

But the Major had a card in reserve, which surprised Simpson, who thought he knew every move of the risky game that the Major seemed to be playing.

"Mr. Franklin is very popular among the colliers, is he not?" he asked, after about a quarter of an hour, during which time

he was busy with the day's paper. He put the question in the most indifferent, matter-of-fact tone imaginable, but Simpson "spotted him"—slang and Simpson are inseparable items—in a moment.

"Very much so, sir," returned Simpson, as one who imparts desired information, in which he himself has no particular interest.

"Well, he deserves it," said the Major, warmly. Then returned to his paper, as if perfectly satisfied. Simpson was disappointed; he had fully expected that the Major would say more, and let out, unconsciously, of course, further hints as to his plans. Well, there was nothing for it but to wait.

The Major really was satisfied. Edith's discovery had looked awkward, that he admitted. It had passed off, as he thought, very easily, and was done with. For her own sake—that thought recurred to him constantly—she would say nothing to anybody. This affair with the colliers looked awkward, might prove awkward; the men would never take their dismissal quietly. That he knew perfectly well. But Franklin was very popular with the colliers, Franklin could persuade them to anything. It suited him excellently to make friends with Franklin, for many reasons, not only with regard to his influence over the men. The Major himself would have the satisfaction of (mentally) crowing over his defeated rival, who had *so nearly* proved successful, but not quite. His wife had actually dared to call him a mean, contemptible liar. He had sound, conservative, and truly masculine conceptions concerning wifely duty; a little discipline would make her repent her unjustifiable—and most unbecoming—plainness of speech. What more efficient discipline could he devise than that of forcing her to receive Franklin as a friend of her husband? Truly, Cousin George had never really existed.

Edith sat for a long time where her husband had left her. Not dead; was ever lie more cruel, shameless, wicked, than that which had cheated her into Holy Matrimony? How could it be holy, founded upon a lie? But it fettered her, body and mind, just the same. For her body, what did it matter? But her mind was not hers, it was her husband's. He had a right to control every thought. She had loved "him"—she dared not utter his name—as we love the dead, there had been no disloyalty in that. But he was alive, not dead. If the dear one rise from the dead—so it seemed to her that he had done—

must she cease to love him? Could not her love be just the same? And, honest with herself even in this hour of her sorest need, she answered, "No, it cannot be, because——"

Because she must see him, meet him, speak to him, feel once again the clasp of his hand. Does life restored from the grave change the essence of our love for those we mourned as dead? Her heart was his, when he was dead; could it be his, now that he was alive? And once more she answered, "No—unless——"

Unless she left the world; but that, even in thinking of it, she knew could never be. Liar and bully as he was, her husband never would consent. What could she do? Whom could she consult? Her father? He was absent when she most needed him, even when he came that evening his love and pity might bias him in her favour. Who else could advise her? Only a priest.

It had been coming to this ever since her first despairing appeal to the Mother of Sorrows. A priest could advise her; one separated from human ties and human passions; bound by obligations the most sacred, to keep all the secrets committed to his charge. That is, she must consult a Catholic priest, a Romanist. She did not doubt Franklin's priesthood, had he not been "he" she might have gone to him.

As it was, she made up her mind, then and there. She looked at her watch, eleven o'clock. Her husband would not be back till half-past one. She put on her hat and went out, to the corner of the square, or rather gardens, where they lived, rather out of the town itself. "Drive to the Catholic church," she said to a good-natured looking, elderly cabman.

Cabby—a loyal Irish Catholic—smiled, in a friendly fashion, and obeyed with alacrity.

"Can I see one of the priests?" asked Edith, timidly, of the sacristan, whom she found in the church—the first Catholic church she had ever entered.

"Whom will you see; Father O'Brien?" inquired the sacristan.

"Yes," she answered, not knowing that Father O'Brien was his friend. Even had she known it, she would, probably, have asked to see him just the same.

Into the confidence that followed who may venture to intrude? Edith had entered the church in doubt and difficulty; she left it strong, brave, patient. "Trust in God and do your

duty," said Father O'Brien, kindly, as he laid his hand upon her head to bless her; then followed her to the door. "Larry, be careful of this lady," he said to the old Irish driver.

"Yes, your Reverence," answered Larry, with a grin and a touch of his whip to his hat.

Father O'Brien held the cab door open for Edith to enter, closed it, and shook hands once more. Then quietly, as Larry gathered up his reins, "Larry," he said, "you hold your tongue."

Larry understood perfectly, grinned more widely than ever, and drove off, faster than he had come. Edith had heard and understood; Father O'Brien, who sympathized with her in her difficult position, wished to save her from the consequences of Larry's possible gossip with Edith's Irish cook, who was—though Edith did not know it—Larry's daughter. The cook was the best of women, but her tongue outran her discretion—as will happen, no matter how many virtues we possess. Had Bridget heard that the Misthress had been to see Father O'Brien, it would have been a matter of hours before the Major learned the news. Edith knew—when she came to think of it—that her cook was Irish, and a gossip. So she understood why Father O'Brien told Larry to hold his tongue, and was grateful for it. She would have trouble enough, soon enough. When it became her duty to declare herself a Catholic, the needed courage—so Father O'Brien told her—would be surely given to her.

The Major came back to lunch, dignified, polite, like himself—or rather like the self that she had attributed to him. He realized that he had made a mistake in showing his hand so plainly; she had taken it quietly, it is true; but he felt somehow, as if his house-of-cards character, so carefully built up for her special benefit, had been badly shaken by his own stupidity. So he made up his mind to be himself again, and put things right, as he felt confident that he could. She accepted the politeness for what it was worth, and was as much like her former self as he appeared to be. He took her apparent belief in him as genuine, another serious mistake on his part.

But his politeness did not last many hours, she seemed determined to annoy him as he thought, peevishly, in self-exoneration for a more serious shaking, or rather, this time, a complete and irrevocable shattering of his house of cards aforesaid.

"I am not going to church this morning," said Edith, very

quietly, next day at breakfast. Again, his temper got the better of him ; he seemed to make less and less effort to control it, now that he had once let her see his true self. He began, indeed, to feel the effort irksome, why should he trouble to keep up the pretence ? She was only his wife.

"Afraid to see your lover," he sneered ; "you shall go."

"Don't drive me too far," she answered, in a passionless, quiet voice, which influenced him more than he cared to own to himself ; "I intend to go this evening. After that——"

"After that, what ?" he interrupted her rudely. The veneer of politeness had worn off, once for all ; the coarse-minded, coarse-tongued *roué* appeared as he was.

"After that, I intend to become a Catholic," she continued, as if he had not spoken. She had not meant to announce her resolution so soon, had intended, indeed, by the advice of Father O'Brien, to consult him, when he was in a good humour, and try to win his consent. But she felt that there could be no real good humour, after this ; so, all at once, made up her mind to tell him plainly.

"I forbid you," he shouted furiously, forgetting all self-restraint, all manliness ; "you shall live on here, madam, and you shall meet your lover." It was a proof of how completely his anger had carried him away, that he should have told her of this plan, which he had intended to keep secret. It made him more furious than ever ; man-like, he laid the blame on her, not on himself.

"Very well." Still the same unnatural quiet that had misled him before, and now did so again, into a belief of her submission. What was the use of resisting him ? she thought. It was contrary to her nature to engage in a vulgar squabble.

She would bear it all, without a word : it was the punishment of her pride, of her faithlessness to his memory—when they told her he was dead. Edith never even *thought* Franklin's name if she could help it ; he was he, and nothing more. He was alive ; her husband told her that she must meet him ; what could she do ? Would he spare her ? Even if her father had told him the truth, must he not think her false to his memory. With his last kiss warm upon her hand—so it seemed to her—she had given it to—not Cousin George, he had no existence—but to a liar and a bully. Would he spare her ? He had loved her once, for the sake of that dead love, would he be pitiful ? Was the love dead ? She dared not answer the question. If yes, then hope was dead

too ; if no, then God help her ! So she sat and thought, with weary iteration over and over again, through the long hours of that Sunday morning. Alive, not dead ; tricked by a cruel lie ; would he spare her ?

Her husband had forbidden her to become a Catholic. What must she do ? She turned to this, at last, by a strong effort of will, knowing that the thoughts about him were full of most sweet, most subtle danger. She must obey her husband ; yes, but she must obey God. If she were a Catholic in heart, would not that be enough ? Surely not ; that would be as if she were ashamed of her faith. Father O'Brien had told her to trust in God and do her duty. Well, she would obey him ; then surely, her duty would be made plain to her. But she kept her thoughts fixed on all that Father O'Brien had said to her ; she simply *would not* think of him.

It was Sunday evening. St. Peter's Cathedral, Alnwick, was crowded, as it had rarely been before. The news had got about, by means of the notice in the *Chronicle*, that the young curate who had devoted himself so nobly to the small-pox sufferers, and had nearly lost his own life by doing so, was to preach to-night for the first time since his recovery. The fashionable congregation were unceremoniously jostled by a "mob," as they called them, of rough colliers and their wives in their Sunday finery. "Our parson," as they loved to call Franklin—more their own than ever now—was going to preach, and they meant to hear him too, "and the swells be blowed," as they rudely expressed it.

As the last notes of the hymn died away, Franklin mounted the pulpit-steps. He was pale still, from his recent illness, and from the emotions of the moment. Raised from the very gates of the grave, he was to speak once more as God's priest in the church of God ; that was the predominant thought. But he was a man, as well as a priest, and he had seen "her"—the wife of another man. He pressed to his heart his little silver crucifix, and began his sermon, God's priest and nothing more. What had he to do with earthly thoughts, there, or in any other place or time ? He had bidden farewell to love, to earthly happiness—he was "the messenger of the Lord of hosts."

He spoke like one inspired. There were men there who had not entered a church for years ; men whose souls were blackened by sins and stained by sordid vices, as their bodies were blackened and stained by their subterranean toil. The

preacher's voice rang, clear and distinct, through the crowded church ; and men and women held their breath to listen to him. He saw no one, he remembered nothing but that one thought, "God's messenger to sinful men." God's priest, speaking in the church of God.

It was over at last ; the preacher's voice ceased ; but the effect remained—with him who spoke, as with those who heard. With Franklin himself, for his doubts, if any were left, seemed to have been burned up in the fire of that all-overpowering sense of a message straight from God Himself. How could he who had so spoken, and so felt as he had done, not be God's priest ? He did not know the marvellous possibilities of sincere conviction. With those who heard ; for there were many who knew that the sermon of that evening was the voice of God to call them to newness of life.

It was over at last ; the moon rose over the quiet sea, and all the world seemed hushed in sleep. But, as the clock of the Cathedral rang out the twelve strokes of midnight, the quiet, peaceful moonlight shone bright, and almost, as it were, pitilessly, upon two strange, sad scenes of bitterest human agony.

A woman lay in a luxurious bed, stifling her sobs as best she could, lest her husband should waken, and swear at her. "No hope," she thought, "no love ! no joy ! I must not even think of him. And yet, I must meet him and speak to him. Better he were really dead, or I ; if he were dead, then I might love him still ; if I, then he might love me, as his own."

And, in her woman's anguish, she turned, once more, to the Mother of Sorrows, for help and comfort, and motherly, womanly sympathy. Again the words came back to her, she had burned the paper when she knew that he was alive. She would be loyal, even to the unworthy object of wifely obedience :

From shame and death my succour be !
Oh, full of grief, for my relief
Turn thou thy gracious face to me !

"Mother of my Lord, have pity on me ; my Mother, comfort me !"

And the same peaceful, pitiless moonlight shone on the dire, tearless agony of a man. Like turns to like, with all reverence be it said. The woman turned to the Mother of Sorrows ; the man to Him, on whose agony in Gethsemane the paschal moon looked down, on that last bitter night.

There he knelt, clinging to the little crucifix, as perishing men cling to the hands of those who strive to save them. He, the priest of God, loved the wife of another man ! But for a cruel, cowardly lie, she would have been his wife, soon, very soon. He might be a better priest without human ties, but all his manhood was crushed beneath the weight of the cross that lay upon him. He had vowed farewell to earthly love when he had heard of her marriage ; when he lay, slowly recovering from the struggle with death, he had promised to be brave, for her sake.

But he could not banish love, it was a part of his very life. He must meet her, and speak to her, as to an ordinary acquaintance ; how could he, loving her as he did ? Did she love him still ? Surely not ; better so—had she died, he would have been true, all his life, to the memory of her. And she ? She had mistaken fancy for love. Well, thank God for it, better so, to spare her any sorrow ; for his love was utterly unselfish. She was the wife of another man, who should have been his ; and he loved her still. Purely, unselfishly, without taint of passion ; was she not his lady, he her knight ? Then again, the doubt came back that he had thought, but a few hours before, was gone for ever. How could he be a priest of God, and yet love the wife of another man ? Again he put the doubt from him, and clung closer yet to his little crucifix.

So the night passed, and the winter dawn came, chill and rainy, and found him kneeling still.

Reviews.

I.—THE MONASTICON OF BELGIUM.¹

THE debt which the historical scholarship of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries owes to the labours of the Benedictines of the Congregation of St. Maur, is one which can hardly be exaggerated. If our obligations to the same Order at the present time are less universally recognized, the reason is not because this great association of workers has had its day and is now in its decline, but only that other students have profited by their instruction and example, while among the Benedictines themselves no one centre of scholarship, like the Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, any longer concentrates in the same conspicuous way the talent of a great nation. But if there is ever to be a new St. Germain des Prés, it is not in France, but in Belgium, at the comparatively recent foundation of Maredsous, that we shall have to look for it. Already we find united there that same high level of patristic and historical erudition which formed the glory of the old Maurist Congregation. To illustrate the patristic side of this combination we may refer to the newly discovered commentary of St. Jerome on the Psalms now being published by Dom Germain Morin in the *Anecdota Maredsolana*. The historical element is admirably represented in the book before us, the first completed volume of a work to which the author, Dom Ursmer Berlière, has given the general title of *Monasticon Belge*.

Although the ground covered by Dom Berlière was already in some sense included in the *Gallia Christiana* of Sainte Marthe and his collaborators, the Belgian portion of that great storehouse of learning has generally been regarded as less satisfactory than the rest. What is more, immense progress has been made of late years in "diplomatic" studies, and nowhere more conspicuously so than in Belgium. The result

¹ *Monasticon Belge*. Par le R. P. Dom Ursmer Berlière. Part I. (1890), pp. 1—152. Part II. (1897), pp. 154—576. 4to. Bruges: Desclée et Cie.

has been that great quantities of monastic charters and other valuable material have now been examined and reported upon, modifying in many important respects the data previously accessible. Dom U. Berlière has set himself to sift and digest all this information, and his work bears witness on every page to the industry and research which he has employed. The first instalment of the first volume, dealing with the religious houses of the province of Namur, appeared in 1890. The present *livraison* contains a large and important supplement to what was previously printed on the province of Namur, together with the history of the monasteries of the province of Hainault. A seven years interval is not more than is needed to accumulate the material comprised in these 422 pages, and is a more satisfactory guarantee of good work than if the volumes succeeded each other more rapidly.

To the general reader the Belgian *Monasticon*, as its author has planned it, does not offer much information of the same interesting but somewhat discursive kind which may be met with in Dugdale's *Monasticon Anglicanum*. Historical facts are presented in a very condensed form, and the author has chiefly striven to draw up full and correct lists of the Abbots, Priors, &c., of each house, giving as far as possible the authority for his statements; while on the other hand, great pains have been taken to make the bibliographical information as complete as it can be. Dom Berlière has not included in his scheme the religious houses of the medicant orders nor those of clerks regular and other more modern congregations. The Benedictines, Cistercians, Premonstratensians, Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and Carthusians practically exhaust his list. The historical accounts given of the different houses and their interdependence, as already mentioned, are generally very concise, but this often difficult task seems to us at the same time to be exceedingly well done. No one, however, but a local antiquary thoroughly conversant with the documents of his own district is capable of criticizing a work of this character, and while wishing Dom Berlière the health and leisure necessary to bring this really great work to its conclusion, we will content ourselves with one single suggestion. Would it not be possible to follow the good example of the editors of *Gallia Christiana* and provide each volume with a map of the province comprised in it?

2.—CATHOLIC LITERARY ENTERPRISE IN CHINA.

There is hardly any monument more interesting to the student of early Christianity than the celebrated Stele of Si Ngan Fou in a remote province of China. When Father Ricci and his companion, succeeding at last in the attempt which had cost St. Francis Xavier his life, penetrated into the interior of the Celestial Empire, they eagerly sought for any trace of the Christian communities which were known to have existed there in the time of Marco Polo. Father Ricci, however, went to his grave without having met with the slightest memorial of any earlier generation of missionaries who had preached Christ in that distant land. But not long after his death, about the year 1630, the learned in Europe were thrown into a state of excitement at the discovery reported by the missionaries of an extraordinary inscription in Chinese and Syriac, containing a profession of the Christian Faith and attesting the preaching of the Gospel in the extreme East by missionaries from Syria at the close of the seventh century. It would not be an exaggeration to say that for two hundred years the whole story was generally regarded as a pious fraud of the Jesuits. But in the present century, when China has become better known, and the monument, which still stands where it was first discovered, has been examined by many travellers, the former incredulity of European scholars has completely disappeared, and the extraordinary interest of the inscription has had full justice done to it.

Colonel Yule was perhaps the first to draw any considerable amount of attention to it in this country. Since then the American Protestant missionaries have devoted themselves to the subject, and have done their best to spread the idea that the monument bears witness only to the missionary enterprise of the Nestorian schismatics in primitive times, and can in no way be counted to the credit of the one Church of Christ, Catholic and Roman. We are glad therefore to do anything in our power to make widely known the most exact and scholarly reproduction of this supremely interesting inscription under the editorship of Father Havret, S.J., at the Catholic Mission Press of Shanghai.

The first portion of the work, which consists in a fac-simile of the entire inscription—it occupies more than a hundred octavo pages—has already been issued. The second portion

will contain the history of the monument, and the third a translation, and commentary. All these volumes belong to a series unfortunately too little known in Europe, which attest in the most striking way the scholarship and enterprise which preside over the Mission Press. One or two of the volumes of the *Variétés Sinologiques*¹ are written in English, and these include a volume of meteorological observations and a treatise on the Chinese calendar. The majority are in French, and discuss various matters of research connected with the history, geography, and literature of the Chinese Empire. One of the most interesting issues deals exhaustively with the *Svastika* or Buddhist cross, a subject of great importance to folk-lorists and believers in the migration of symbols. Others that well deserve mention are the two very curious volumes, by Father Stephen Zi, S.J., dealing with the literary and military examinations of China. It is a marvellous illustration of Chinese conservatism that no knowledge of fire-arms is required of the military candidates, while a certain degree of skill in the use of the bow and arrow is an absolute *sine qua non* upon which the greater part of the examination turns. We may also commend as interesting to the general public the very interesting geographical account of the kingdom of Ou, illustrated, like most of the other volumes, with maps and engravings, published by Father Albert Tschepe, S.J. The price of these admirably printed volumes ranges from two to four dollars.

3.—PIUS THE SEVENTH.²

The *Life of Pope Pius the Seventh*, which originally appeared among the earlier volumes of the Quarterly Series, was noticed by THE MONTH at the time (February, 1876), in a review, which describes it as the best existing Life of that great Pontiff. We are not aware that anything has since been written either in this country or abroad which need cause us to modify the verdict then pronounced. Miss Allies' volume gives an eminently pleasant and readable account of a Pontificate full of incident, one of the most critical in the annals of the Church. It has, we think, rather gained than otherwise in the condensation to

¹ The *Variétés Sinologiques* and other mission publications may be procured from Messrs. Kelly and Walsh, Shanghai, or from M. Arthur Savaète, Paris.

² *Pius the Seventh*. 1800—1823. By Mary H. Allies. London: Burns and Oates, 1897.

which this new edition has been subjected, and the footnotes and the table of authorities show that the writer has paid attention to what has been written on the subject since the book first appeared. We may add that Miss Allies tells her story, which sometimes has to touch on matters not entirely edifying, in a way which can give offence to no one. A short but sufficient Index has been added to this edition.

4.—L'ANGLO-CATHOLICISM.¹

This work is a continuation of the *Crise Religieuse en Angleterre*, by the same author. Père Ragey has made a profound and liberal-minded study of Anglicanism in order to make that somewhat incoherent position less incomprehensible to the logic-loving French. He brings out well the rapid numerical advance of the Church of England in recent times, and shows the superior vitality of the High as compared with the Low party, promising well for the extension and influence of the former. Treating it as a movement and not as an organized sect, he has no hesitation in ascribing "Anglo-Catholicism" to a Divine impulse, thwarted at times and perverted by human infirmity or diabolical malice, but, on the whole, most fruitful in good. How anything short of a desire to take everything in the worst possible sense could find occasion of offence in this view or in Cardinal Vaughan's endorsement of it in the Preface, we leave to Lord Halifax to explain.

5.—ROMA E CANTERBURY.²

Those who have read Father Brandi's little treatise on the *Condemnation of Anglican Orders*, will find a valuable complement to it in this reprint of two articles published recently by the same author in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, dealing with the Reply of two of the Anglican Archbishops. Though in no sense an official or fairly representative utterance of the English Church, this document has been skilfully drawn up so as to seem

¹ *L'Anglo-Catholicism*. Par le Père Ragey. Paris: Lecoffre, 1897.

² *Roma e Canterbury*. By Salvatore M. Brandi, S.J. Roma: Via Ripetta, 246. Third Edition.

to be a vindication of the sacerdotalism of Anglican ministers, while admitting of a perfectly Protestant interpretation for the benefit of that large party in the Establishment to which such priestly pretensions are distasteful. From the known mind of the two prelates who wrote, or at least signed it, its intention is "sacerdotalist," notwithstanding its studied ambiguity of expression. Taking it at its worth as an unauthorized utterance, Father Brandi, with his usual clearness and perspicuity, convicts the writers of some of the graver of those seventy blunders which Dr. Luke Rivington has brought home to them in a recent pamphlet. What lends peculiar interest to this edition of Father Brandi's work is an appended collection of several hitherto unpublished documents bearing closely on the controversy; also, a reproduction of the title-page of the identical Edwardine Ordinal on which Clement XI. founded his judgment in the Gordon case; which judgment, according to the learned prelates, was founded simply on the Nag's-Head faable, and not on the insufficiency of the rite learnt at first hand from an examination of the new Ordinal.

Literary Record.

MAGAZINES.

MESSINGER OF THE SACRED HEART. (July.)

In accordance with the exhortation of the Holy Father, in his recent Encyclical, the General Intention proposed for the coming month is the "Propagation of the Faith." Various Vocations are represented by the Canonesses Regular of St. John Lateran; and Our Island Saints by the ever-fascinating figure of Blessed Thomas More. Chapters on the Apostleship, Our Sailors' Corner, and Our Search Light, continue their useful course, and are supported by Short Points for First Friday Meditations, and other articles, alike interesting and instructive.

Some articles from foreign Magazines :

The ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (June 8.)

The Christian Theatre. *Father Delaporte, S.J.* M. Paul Janet and a Problem of Faith. *Father Roure, S.J.* Congregational Singing. *Father Burnichon, S.J.* Materialistic Cosmogony. *Father de Joannis, S.J.* The Duc d'Aumale. *Father Chérot, S.J.* The "Fractio Panis." *Father Sortais, S.J.*

(June 20.)

Queen Victoria's Jubilee. *Father Prédot, S.J.* The Dogma of the Atonement. *Father Tournebize, S.J.* The Functions of the State in Civil Society. *Father Sortais, S.J.*

STIMMEN AUS MARIA-LAACH. (May 28.)

The Value of Africa (III.). *Father Schwarz, S.J.* The Wage Question (V.). *Father Pesch, S.J.* Father Braun on Gravitation. *Father Drusel, S.J.*

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (June 5.)

Daniel O'Connell.

—— (June 19.)

Plutocracy and Pauperism.

DER KATHOLIK. (June.)

Catholicism a Principle of Progress. *Dr. P. Huppert.* The Name "Mary." *J. Gauter, O.S.B.* Social Evolution. *Dr. Englert.* Melancthon and Freedom of Conscience. *Dr. N. Paulus.* Pictures of St. Boniface in MSS. of the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries. Reviews, &c.

LA REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (June.)

The Tree of the Cross before Jesus Christ. *J. Nève.* Edgar Tinel. *W. Ritter.* Rhodesia. *A. Bordeaux.* The Cretan Question. Recollections of an Army Chaplain (1870—1871). *Commandant Grandin,* &c.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (June.)

The Papal Encyclical. *Divinum Illud Munus.* The Mémoires of M. de Séguet. A Teleologist. *Abbé Delfour.* The Great St. Gertrude. *A. Lepitre.* Religious Art in the Salons of 1897. *Abbé Broussolle.* Recent Philosophy and Recent Science. Reviews, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (June.)

The Literary Treasures of the Abbey of Silos. *Dom J. M. Besse.* The Benedictine Congregation of the Presentation. *Dom U. Berlière.* New Zealand. *Dom R. Proost.* Benedictine News. Reviews, &c.

